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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**ILLUSTRATIONS OF JAPAN;** consisting of private Memoirs and Anecdotes of the reigning Dynasty of the Djogouns, or Sovereigns of Japan, &c. &c. By M. Titsingh, formerly Chief Agent of the Dutch East-India Company at Nangasaki. Translated from the French, by F. Shoberl. Large 4to. pp. 325. Ackermann.

In the volumes of the *Literary Gazette* for 1818 and 1819, two works published under the titles of a *Residence in*, and *Recollections of Japan*, by Capt. Gollownin, enabled us to throw together a good deal of information respecting this curious people; for even though the latter was rather a compilation from Kœmpfer, Thunberg, and other authors, than what it purported to be, it nevertheless contained a number of interesting particulars which were forgotten in larger works and older writers.

M. Titsingh, from whose MSS. the present illustrations proceed, enjoyed better opportunities for observing the customs and ascertaining the character of the Japanese than any of his predecessors. The favour in which the Dutch have been held by that government, and a residence of fourteen years as the head of their commercial establishment, afforded him facilities for observation, the results of which would have been visible in the description of any country, but are especially felt in the accounts of one so jealous of foreigners as Japan. Unfortunately the author died in 1811, and his papers were obtained by M. Nepveu, his editor, in a somewhat undigested form. He has, however, put them forth in the true Gallic style, for "the glory of France;" and it shall be our pleasant duty to collect the most brilliant rays of this glory, and transfer them to our horizon to enlighten British readers.

The Japanese history of their *Dairis*, or Ecclesiastical Sovereigns, commences about 660 years before the Christian era: but the history now before us relates to the reigning dynasty of Djogouns or Temporal Monarchs, a division of power which sprang up at the end of the 12th century. Since that period four dynasties have occupied the throne, namely, 1. that of Yori-tomo; 2. that of Faka-ousi; 3. that of Fide-yosi, or Taiko; and lastly, the regnant, that of Yeye-Yasou or Gongin. The foundation of the family of Gongin dates from about the year 1600, at which period the *Dairi* history ends and no other begins, for it is a capital treason in Japan to publish any thing concerning the person at the head of that singular empire. Private memoirs and writings are the only records. These are

discovered with great reluctance; but M. Titsingh had access to some of them, and from such stores has copied his anecdotes, elucidating the genius and manners of the Japanese, and, as M. Abel Remusat has well stated, presenting the remarkable phenomenon of the history of a country promulgated in another region, of the events disclosed by which the natives themselves are ignorant. But these facts can hardly be called history: they are only historical, and developé in detached scenes much of national character; exhibit opinions, festivals and ceremonies; and certainly make us more acquainted with the literature, science, traditions, &c. of Japan than we have hitherto been. This knowledge is greatly aided by some prints from Japanese drawings, which are striking specimens of their style in that branch of art.

The list of Djogouns, from Gongin, the founder of the race, now despotic rulers of Japan, to the present Kio or Emperor Yeyenari, is connected with numerous details of conspiracies, rebellions, murders and amours. The *Dairis* seem to resemble the quondam kings of France, when the Mayors of the Palace governed in their name, or such Sovereigns as Shakspeare whimsically paints,—kings with viceroys over them. They are seldom heard of except in matters of state etiquette, and the Djogoun pays them great outward respect merely from political considerations, while he exercises the entire authority of the government. This authority is, as we have noticed, occasionally threatened by conspiracies, of which a formidable instance occurred in the time of Yeye-tsouna, the fourth Djogoun of the Gongins, who succeeded his father in 1631. The account of this we quote as an example of the work.

We find (says the Author) nothing during his reign worthy of being transmitted to posterity, excepting the conspiracy of the prince of Tosa, of which the manuscripts furnish circumstantial details.

The prince of Tosa, a faithful adherent of Fide-yori's, (the last prince of the preceding dynasty) had devoted himself to his service, and fought for his cause. After the discomfiture of his master, he fell into the power of Gongin, who, in addition to other ignominious treatment, caused his hands to be cut off, which is considered as the height of infamy. The unfortunate prince having reproached the conqueror with his cruelty, his perfidy, and the violation of his oath, Gongin had the barbarity to order his head to be struck off.

Marabosi-Tchouya, son of Tosa, formed the design of revenging his father's death, as soon as he should be of age; but being then destitute of the means of attempting so bold an enterprise, he resolved to keep his intentions as secret as possible, and to await a favour-

able opportunity. Being appointed to the command of the pikemen of Yori-nobon, Gongin's eighth son, he began to think himself able to carry his plan into execution, and united for this purpose with Youino-djositz, son of an eminent dyer, a man justly esteemed for his extensive knowledge, and who had been tutor to Yori-nobon. It is said that Yori-nobou himself was implicated in the conspiracy, but there was never any proof of the charge, as Tchouya took care that he should not be compromised. However this may be, Tchouya had agreed with Djositz to exterminate the whole family of Gongin, and to make themselves masters of the empire, and divide it between them.

Tchouya was of a prodigal disposition; he squandered in silly expenses the money which he contrived to obtain for the execution of his enterprise, so that he was frequently reduced to want. Djositz foretold that the plan would fail through his fault, and the event soon justified his prediction.

Tchouya, after borrowing from all who would trust him, found himself hard pressed by his creditors, who demanded the interest that was due to them, but he was unable to pay it. He, therefore, solicited a respite of a fortnight, promising to pay double the amount due. His assurance excited suspicions, and he was told, that with the slender means which he was known to possess, it would be impossible for him to raise, in so short a time, the requisite sum. One of his creditors, a gunmaker, named Tosiro, was the most urgent; and Tchouya had the indiscretion to reveal to him his design, in hopes of inducing him to have patience. Tosiro pretended to be satisfied; but he lost no time in communicating to the governor of Yedo what he had just heard, and the governor immediately gave information of it to the court.

The governor had recourse to the following stratagem in order to apprehend Tchouya. He caused an alarm of fire to be made before his door. Tchouya, roused by the shouts, rushed into the street armed only with a short sabre. Four men immediately fell upon him. He dispatched two of them; but several of their comrades coming to their aid, secured his person after a long resistance. His wife, suspecting from the noise of the combat what was the matter, seized such of his papers as might have betrayed the conspirators, and burned them by the flame of a lamp. Thus her presence of mind saved a great number of princes and of distinguished personages, who were implicated in the plot. The Japanese still speak with commendation of the conduct of this generous woman, and when they would praise a female for intelligence and resolution, they compare her to the wife of Tchouya. The governor, after the apprehension of the chief conspirator, caused his house to be strictly searched, but not finding what he expected, he sent the husband, the wife, and their whole family to prison.

Djositz was then at Yougi, his birth-place, near Kambara. Orders for his apprehension

were dispatched to the governor of Foutcho; but no sooner was he apprized of the discovery of the plot than he put an end to his life in the usual way, to avoid an ignominious death. His head was nevertheless cut off and exposed on the place of execution, near the river Abikawa.

All those who were known to have been intimately connected with Tchouya were arrested. In this number were Ikiyemon and Fatsiyemon. It was no difficult matter to obtain from either the one or the other an avowal of the part which they had personally taken in the conspiracy. They were too noble minded to think of excusing themselves by falsehoods, for being concerned in a project which they considered so honourable; but nothing could induce them to name one of their accomplices. The ordinary counsellor of state, Matsudaira-ize-no-kami, finding persuasion of no avail, ordered Izide-tate-waki, the executioner, to put them to the species of torture called *kana-boko-zeme*, which consists in extending the body of the criminal, plastered with clay, upon hot ashes, till the heat dries the clay and bursts the flesh all over. It was on the 21st day of the 8th month of the fourth year, *Kei-zan* (1651,) according to the manuscript *Keizan-dai-feki*, that Tchouya and his two friends underwent this cruel punishment. None of them ever changed countenance; they seemed insensible to pain. "I have come a great way," said Fatsiyemon; "this warming will be good for my health; my limbs will be but the more active for it."

As the *kana-boko-zeme* could not subdue the fortitude of these two intrepid friends, recourse was had to the *neto-zeme*, as follows. The back was laid open for the space of eight inches, and melted copper poured into the incision. It was there left to cool, and then removed by means of a spade with such violence, that the flesh in contact with the metal was torn out along with it. The spectators shuddered with horror; the sufferers alone neither uttered a murmur, nor betrayed the least sign of pain. Fatsiyemon still retaining all his composure, jocosely observed that he was not well, that this operation would be as serviceable to him as that of the *moza*, and not fail to cure him.

Ize-no-kami, finding that pain had not the power to wrest their secret from them, again pressed Tchouya to discover his accomplices if he would spare himself further tortures. "Scarcely had I attained the age of nine years," replied Tchouya with firmness, "before I conceived the design of avenging my father, and seating myself on the throne. Thou canst no more shake my courage than a wall of iron. I defy thee ingenuously; invent new tortments. Do what thou wilt, my fortitude is proof against every thing."

The counsellor of state tired of these tortures which excited the indignation of the spectators, without producing the intended effect, ordered the executioner to suspend them, and remanded the culprits to prison.

On the 24th, at the fourth hour of the day, (which corresponds with our ten in the morning,) two men, aged about sixty, and named, the one Sawara, and the other Naga-yama, finding it impossible to secrete themselves any longer, repaired to the governor and avowed that they were accomplices of Tchouya. Some others, in like manner, came and surrendered themselves. They were all bound and conveyed to prison.

The 28th was fixed for the day of execu-

tion. In the morning information was received that two of the conspirators had put an end to their lives at Asabou-o-toriba, a village near Yedo. The procession began to move at day-break. Seven subaltern officers went first to clear the way. They were followed by one hundred executioners, each carrying a naked pike; next came one hundred more executioners with long staves; then one hundred more armed with sabres; and afterwards fifty officers (*banyoosen*.) Next to them walked an executioner carrying a paper setting forth the crime of the conspirators, which he read aloud in the principal streets and crossings. Tchouya followed, dressed in two robes of light blue, made of the stuff called *fabita*, with his hands tied behind him; then came Ikiyemon with his two sons, Ousinoski and Kamenoski; and after them Yosida-fatsiyemon, Ari-fatsiso, Sawara-youbi, Naga-yama-foyemon, Wadaski, mule-driver to Djosits, and several others, to the number of twenty-seven. Tchouya's wife and mother, Ikiyemon's wife, and four other women closed the procession.

In this manner they were conducted through the whole city. In passing the bridge of Nipon-bas, Tchouya heard a man about forty years of age say to another, that it was a highly criminal and extravagant enterprise to conspire against the emperor. "Well it befits thee, miserable sparrow," cried Tchouya, with a look of indignation, "to compare thyself with the eagle or the crane." The man reddened with shame, and buried himself among the crowd.

At the moment of reaching the place of execution at Sinagawa, a man, carrying two gold-hilted sabres, and dressed in a mantle of *gitan* stuff, rushed through the crowd, and advancing to Tomida-sioubi-dono the inspector, thus addressed him: "My name is Sibata-zabrobe; I am a friend of Tchouya and Djosits. Living at a great distance from Yedo, I was ignorant of the discovery of the plot. As soon as I heard of it, I hastened to Sourouga, to make inquiries after my unfortunate friends. I was informed of the death of Djosits, and certain of the fate that awaited Tchouya, I repaired to Yedo. There I kept myself concealed in hopes that the emperor would pardon him; but since he is condemned and about to die, I am come to embrace him, and to suffer with him." "You are a worthy man," replied the inspector; "it were to be wished that all the world was like you. I have no occasion to wait for the orders of the governor of Yedo; I give you permission to speak to Tchouya."

The two friends conversed together a considerable time. Sibata expressed the extreme pain he felt on account of the discovery of the conspiracy, his condemnation, and the death of Djosits. He added, that on receiving this melancholy intelligence, he had come to Yedo to share his fate, and that he should be ashamed to survive him. He then took from his sleeve a small pot of *zakhi*, and they bade farewell to each other while drinking it. Tears trickled down Tchouya's cheeks: he thanked Sibata for his kind and courageous resolution, and declared that he was most happy in the opportunity of once more embracing him before he died. Sibata, likewise weeping, replied: "Our body, in this world, resembles the flower *Asa gawa*, (a magnificent flower before sun-rise, but which immediately afterwards fades and falls,) or the *kogero*, (an insect which is produced and dies the same day;) but after death we shall be

in a better world. There we may enjoy each other's society without interruption." With these words he rose and thanked the inspector for his indulgence.

All the criminals were fastened to crosses, and the executioners armed themselves with their pikes. Tchouya was first pierced by two executioners, who opened his body in the form of a cross. It is stated, that those who follow that profession are so expert at this operation, that there is not one of them who cannot pierce the criminal sixteen times without touching the vital parts.

The sons of Ikiyemon excited universal compassion. The eldest said to his brother who had scarcely attained his twelfth year: "We are going to the abode of the gods;" and he began to pray, repeating several times: *Naman-daoubis (Nami-Amida-Buts.)* "Amida, pray for us!" There was not one whom such a spectacle did not melt into tears.

Tchouya's wife requested her husband's mother to invoke the gods with her at the moment of being re-united to them. "I am old," replied the mother, "but you are yet young; nevertheless, since you desire it I will join you in praying to the gods to turn our thoughts from all earthly objects."

When they had all been put to death, Sibata called upon the inspector, and offered him his two sabres, saying: "To you I am indebted for the consolation of having conversed with my friend Tchouya, and bidding adieu to him before his removal to a better world. I entreat you to denounce me to the governor of Yedo, that he may order me to suffer like my friend." "The gods forbid!" replied the inspector. "Were I to do what you desire, you would die like Tchouya. Your courage deserves a better fate. While all his other friends are hiding themselves in dens and caverns, you have braved death to embrace him: such men as you are rare." We are not informed what became of Sibata; the manuscript before me makes no farther mention of this generous friend.

Owing to the presence of mind of Tchouya's wife, in burning the papers which might have compromised the conspirators, and to the fortitude displayed by the condemned persons in spite of their tortments, the principal accomplices remained undiscovered. Yori-nobou, however, was suspected, and his house was searched; but his secretary, Kanno-feyemon, took every thing upon himself, protesting that he alone was acquainted with the plot, and had kept it a profound secret from his master. He then ripped up his belly, and by his firmness saved Yori-nobou, who remained unmolested at Yedo.

When Yosi-mounne, a descendant of Yori-nobou, became Djogoun, he rewarded the fidelity of this secretary in the persons of his posterity, on whom he conferred the most honourable posts. One of them, Kanno-fotomi-no-kami is at present (1784,) extraordinary counsellor of state.

The Djogoun, Yeye-tsouna, died on the 8th of the 5th month of the 8th year *In-po* (1686,) without issue, and was succeeded the year following by his younger brother Tsouna-yosi.

The mode of execution in Japan, that of ordering the victim to rip open his belly, equivalent to the Turkish bowstring, is

\* This is a form of invocation, borrowed from the Sanskrit.

curiously illustrated. The *honour* is only granted to distinguished personages; offenders of inferior rank are only beheaded. Mr. T. says,

Mention is so frequently made in this volume and in other works on Japan, of the privilege enjoyed by certain classes of the inhabitants, of being their own executioners by ripping up the belly, that the reader will not be displeased to find here some particulars respecting this singular custom.

All military men, the servants of the Djogoun, and persons holding civil offices under the government, are bound when they have committed any crime to rip themselves up, but not till they have received an order from the court to that effect; for, if they were to anticipate this order, their heirs would run the risk of being deprived of their places and property. For this reason, all the officers of government are provided, in addition to their usual dress, and that which they put on in case of fire, with a suit necessary on such an occasion, which they carry with them whenever they travel from home. It consists of a white robe and a habit of ceremony made of hempen cloth, and without armorial bearings. The outside of the house is hung with white stuffs; for the palaces of the great, and the places at which they stop by the way when going to or returning from Yedo, are hung with coloured stuffs on which their arms are embroidered—a privilege enjoyed also by the Dutch envoy.

As soon as the order of the court has been communicated to the culprit, he invites his intimate friends for the appointed day, and regales them with *sakki*. After they have drunk together some time, he takes leave of them; and the order of the court is then read to him once more. Among the great this reading takes place in presence of their secretary, and the inspector: the person who performs the principal part in this tragic scene then addresses a speech or compliment to the company; after which he inclines his head towards the mat, draws his sabre and cuts himself with it across the belly, penetrating to the bowels. One of his confidential servants, who takes his place behind him, then strikes off his head. Such as wish to display superior courage, after the cross cut, inflict a second longitudinally, and then a third in the throat. No disgrace is attached to such a death; and the son succeeds to his father's place, as we see by several examples in the *Memoirs of the Djogouns*.

When a person is conscious of having committed some crime, and apprehensive of being thereby disgraced, he puts an end to his own life, to spare his family the ruinous consequences of judicial proceedings. This practice is so common, that scarcely any notice is taken of such an event. The sons of all people of quality exercise themselves in their youth, for five or six years, with a view that they may perform the operation, in case of need, with gracefulness and dexterity; and they take as much pains to acquire this accomplishment as youth among us do to become elegant dancers, or skilful horsemen: hence the profound contempt of death which they imbibe even in their earliest years. This disregard of death, which they prefer to the slightest disgrace, extends to the very lowest classes among the Japanese.

While I was at Yedo in 1782, I was told of a circumstance which had recently happened in the palace of the prince of Satsouma. To

the sheath of the sabre is attached a small knife, the handle of which projects a little in front of the hilt, and is commonly embellished with flowers and other ornaments in gold, of superior workmanship. The prince, one night on retiring to bed, laid aside his sabre; next morning the knife had disappeared. There was no reason to suspect one person of the theft more than another. Inquiry was secretly made of all the pawnbrokers, to ascertain whether the knife had been pledged. Three days afterwards one of these tradesmen brought a knife on which he had advanced money, and which was immediately known to be that stolen from the prince. All his servants were summoned to appear before the pawnbroker, who instantly pointed out the man from whom he had received the knife. The culprit frankly confessed his guilt, and was commanded to prepare for death. He replied, that he was quite ready; on which he was led out into the court, and his head cut off without farther ceremony.

*The Thane of Fife; a Poem, in six Cantos.*

By William Tennant, author of *Anster Fair*. Edinburgh, 1822. 8vo. pp. 264.

THE author of this strange composition has many claims to indulgent criticism. A piteous cripple, (as we have been informed,) belonging to the least fortunate rank of society, and unable to earn a livelihood by rough labour, he was turned almost perforce to the cultivation of letters, became, self-taught himself, the teacher of others, and, in the useful character of a schoolmaster, competent to fill a respectable situation in life.

About nine or ten years ago, Mr. Tennant published *Anster Fair*, a burlesque poem of very considerable merit. In it he was most happy for choice of subject. The characters, the sports, and even the supernatural agency, were all local and familiar: his Muse was at home, and the mixture of descriptive truth with humorous colouring was eminently pleasing. We regret that he has in the present instance selected a theme of another kind; a theme against which we fear the *ne sutor* may be too justly alleged. It relates to the descent of a Danish piratical invasion upon the coast of Fife, to the battles and adventures consequent thereon, and to the whole Scandinavian as well as Scottish system of mythology. The foundation of the poem is in the eighth chapter of the sixth book of Buchanan's History, which details this irruption upon the domain of King Constantine, by Huns and Hubba in the year 874. Boethius also mentions the war, but Saxo Grammaticus is silent upon it, which renders it doubtful whether or not the whole is fabulous. There is, however, quite sufficient ground, either in reality or in rumour, for a superstructure such as our author has attempted to raise, and respecting which he speaks (at the conclusion of his preface) in the following modest terms:

In selecting for the foundation of my Poem such an incident, and of such a period, accompanied necessarily with a machinery of suitable and coeval Gods and Spiritualities, I do not know whether I shall be acquitted by the Critics of temerity and indiscretion.

There is a peril in the experiment, of which I am well aware. I shall, however, willingly and humbly submit myself to the judgment of my Readers. Should they disapprove of the following effort, little is lost;—for I have never allowed the writing of verses to interfere either with my professional duties or my more solid and nutritive studies,—and, moreover, I shall gain, by their disapproval, a lesson to abstain in future from all such perilous enterprises. Should any encouragement be given me by their applause, I shall be happy to employ what leisure hours may be henceforth allowed me in the prosecution and completion of the Poem whose first Cantos are now, with the utmost diffidence, presented to the Public.

It is with reluctance we feel ourselves compelled to say, that in our opinion Mr. Tennant has been unlucky in the selection of a story incongenial with the poetical powers which he possesses. The approach to epic diverges from the line in which he is calculated to be most admired; and we do not find that the magnificent and terrible machinery of the northern scalds has been wielded by competent hands in *The Thane of Fife*. Perhaps this may arise from the novelty of feature with which Odin, Thor, and the other Norrick gods are exhibited to us; robbed of their gloom, their force, and their horrors, and presented in a sort of parti-huel dress of the sublime and ridiculous. Indeed we are at a loss to discover whether the author intends to be grave or burlesque: the oddest coinage and compound of words, and very singular employment of epithets, give a strong tincture of the latter; while the serious treatment of events, the merits of the verse as a composition, and the attention with which the highest classic and Italian models of poetry have been studied in the construction and arrangement of the story, savour equally of a plan to be sustained and impressive. This will appear from our extracts.

The poem opens with an account of the Danish fleet on its course towards the Scottish coast:

A thousand ships come dancing o'er the brine,  
With snowy sails and flaunting streamers trim,  
And every vessel holds in her confine

A hundred warriors terrible of limb:

And every warrior tow'rd's the sun's decline

Turns his sharp gaze and ruthless features grim,  
Eager to hail with scowling threat of war,  
Far in the horizon's rim first peep of land afar.

Three days they danc'd before the merry gales,

With tilting keel, and canvas strutting proud,

But on the third night flagg'd the flapping sails,

Nor pip'd the shrill wind in the tarry shroud;

From the low depths of Neptune's humid vaults

Steam'd round the ring of heaven a misty cloud,

That, stealing up th' acclivities of sky,

Seal'd up th' ethereal blue from pilot's weary eye.

The Italic letter will relieve us from the necessity of remark, as every reader of poetry must see how turgid or inapplicable the words so marked are. A storm ensues, and the northern divinities in Valhalla resolve to aid their worshippers. Odin having accomplished this, returns to heaven, in the picture of which there is great imagination, disfigured with the peculiarities to which we have alluded.



One spurn his courser gave the flashing deep,  
And with a bound, that measured in its height  
Half that long bow's amazing highway steep,  
Mid space 'tween sky and earth his hoofs alight:  
One bound was visible; the second leap  
Plung'd him in heaven beside the Pleiads bright;  
There lights the god before his palace-gate,  
And in Valhalla's hall he seeks his lofty seat.

Amid his hall he came, whose gorgeous floor  
Is pav'd with tiles of pearl and chrysolite;  
Whose roof is gold; whose sides are garnish'd o'er  
With swords all flashing forth a joyous light:  
There he his children found—the mighty Thor,  
Niord the stern, and Balder the polite,  
With all the brotherhood of gods, in throng  
Consociate at their cups, carousing deep and long.

And farther off, at tables ranged round  
The circuit of that broad and spacious hall,  
Lean'd the huge ghosts of mighty heroes, crown'd  
With bloody laurels, grimly-featured all,  
Earth's direst ones, most murderous, most renown'd,  
Butchers of life and slayers capital,  
Quaffing their hydromel in measure full,  
And lipping lusciously their yellow cups of skull.

There, in long shadowy unsubstantial rows,  
According to their age, and to their fame,  
Sat, bench'd and lousing, all the shades of those  
That in the Cimbric wars toil'd out a name;  
From Bojorix of old, whom Latian foes  
Before Massilia slew, but not with shame,  
Down to the private captain of renown  
Slain by King Egbert's hand on field of Henges-

All these, a ghostly crowd,—*sans flesh, sans skin*,—  
Sat chirping shrill, and batt'ning on their mead,  
Till, when their deity and king came in,  
Up sprung the gloomy spirits of the dead,  
And, bowing low their *bmeless statures thin*,  
Each in obeisance grim nods down the head:  
He, with a haughty disregard, mov'd on  
All stately to the seat where wont he feast alone.

Odin addresses them to help the invaders, and

He scarce had ceas'd when th' unessential throng  
Of ghosts heroic that stand listening round,  
Set up a shout of shrieks, sharp, shrill, and long,  
Screaming acclaim with miserable sound;  
As when the screech-owl sings her dreary song  
Foretoking griefs to those upon the ground,  
So rose from those tall ghosts the thin small yell,  
Funereal, boding death to those on earth that dwell.

This single stanza, except that it is free from compounds, is very characteristic of Mr. Tennant's style. The change of tense and time in his verbs, for he mingles past, present and future indiscriminately; the excessive alliteration; and the startling use of epithets, are all obvious in it: the simile of the owl belongs to the ludicrous, and we think it will puzzle the most acute critic to tell whether this is purposely done, or whether the author means to be, like the ghosts, "heroic?" As a further example, we take from the description of the pirate leaders, the portrait of one of the most romantic:

Next these alighted on the yellow sand  
Th' enchantress-pirate with the golden hair,  
Alvida, daughter of King Edebrand,  
That in fair Gothland's isle the sceptre bare;  
Her father's only child, through many a land  
Fame her enchantments blew and beauty rare,  
That from the Baltic every wind blew in [win.  
Some wooer, proud and vain her hand and ale to

Her heart was nor impregnable, nor proof  
To the shrewd arts and enginery of love;  
Yet, when assembled near her father's roof,  
Her lovers in assiduous courtship strove,  
Oft from the palace she would steal aloof,  
A buskin'd huntress, to the pine-tree grove,  
And leaving them amid th' inglorious feast,  
Vex'd \* with her silver shafts to death the mountain beast.

Yet not alone the mountain and the wood  
Were conscious of the bold exploits she wrought;  
Her bark she launch'd, and, roaming o'er the flood,  
Shot through the Baltic's stream-disgorging  
And, like a giantess of valiant mood, [throat,  
On every shore, both near and more remote,  
Reel'd in piratic ravage round and round;  
And Shetland knew her name, and trembled at its sound.

So here, amid the Cimbric heroes fam'd,  
She comes, the fam'd Maresia of the North,  
All sheen with showy arms, that flash'd and flam'd  
Back on the sun his beamy arrows forth,  
Affronting him, that on her form unblam'd,  
And bosom heaving high its precious worth,  
He should intrude his pert beams ere she wist,  
And kiss those precious parts by man so gladly kiss'd.

Here again we are at fault, and know not whether the fine or the farcical is intended. The Danes land, and

Loudly nois'd that host as up they clomb  
The sea-marge with their gush of confus'd crowd.

Thor descends to aid them, and there is a quaint but splendid picture of him:

His dazzling head he garlanded around  
With gems up-gather'd from the solar road,  
Whereon the sun's hot wheels, as fierce they bound,  
Grind down the stars to pearls at random strow'd;  
The glist'ring baldric that his vesture bound  
Was in its brightness worthy of a god,  
And girt his garment, like heaven's belt of white,  
Whose milky vein of stars enings the blue of night.

As Paddy would say, it falls off as it goes on:

His chariot, then, whose wheels of heavenly mould  
Boasted their spokes each like a silver lance,  
Whereby, as furious round they flash'd and roll'd,  
They flicker'd sunshine in their radiant dance,  
Strait out he drew; and to the team † of gold  
Yok'd the twing goats that proudly perk and prance,  
Churning their silvery bits to snowy foam,  
And pawing heav'n with rage abroad at will to roam.‡

He "meteorously" descends (again the grotesque) to

— where Ben Nevis heaves to heav'n abroad  
His proud peak, prop'd on porphyre pillars so,  
There the twin silver-beards arriving, stay'd [head.  
Their fiery whirling wheels upon the mountain's

\* Should be "*vex*,"—she would *steal* and *vex*, not, she would *steal* and *vex'd*.

† *Team*! This is almost literally putting the cart before the horse. *Team* is not the carriage but the animals, the *team* or yoke which draw it. ‡ We may observe in a note here that the noble line

"Churning their silvery bits to snowy foam"  
has many admirable parallels in this work—for instance, the personified *North*, who bursts his bleak confines,

"And in his icy boulder sifts the snow."  
It is bare justice to the author to quote only one of these examples where there are such a number; but *ex pede* must do on this point.

This kind of writing cannot be revived: the poor expletive "*so*," too, occurs very often with our author.

It is not our purpose to follow the Thane of Fife into detail beyond the first canto, whence all our preceding notes are taken, and illustrate, as we hope sufficiently, the poem and our opinions. A description of one of the Scandinavian Deities, from the second canto, will however help us farther.

For Niord, green-hair'd god that rules the sea,  
Whose dripping beard down dangles from his  
Beneath that chariot's coral canopy, [chin,  
Veil'd with a mist of gold, sat bright within;  
His are the wheels so pearl-emboss'd that be,  
And his that interpos'd clear javelin,  
Held out at length by his befriending arm  
To separate the chiefs and save the deadly harm.

For as in Ocean's chambers, green as glass,  
He sat a-toying with his mermaids fair,  
His eyes up-glancing through the liquid mass  
Of waters that above him weltring were,  
Discern'd the heroes' battle how it was,  
What anger and what strife of strength was there,  
And how their limbs wax'd faint with many a wound,  
And how the ready death hung hovering o'er the ground.

His spear disceivers soon that dangerous fray.

The following passages are chosen alike to display Mr. Tennant's talents and peculiarities. The latter we will not particularize beyond their occurrence in the quotations; and merely observing that such phrases as to "bulwark their backs," "to foot the soil," to "fleet them o'er the seas," a man "strewn amid his courser's feet," an arrow "*vagabond* and vain," and such language as "tumultuating round," "fair-ogling lady," "to flower out-blown," "far-camping host," "giantship" with "magnitude of brawn" and "vanity of vastness," &c. &c. can hardly be admitted as legitimate in the English tongue. There may be some question too of the existence of gauze on ladies' bosoms, and curls and ruffs in warrior's garb in the 9th century; nor can we think but that such parts as the following are hyperbole, not poetry:

At once their spears, levell'd for murder's aim,  
His'd with their burning points a path through air!!!

The Scottish hero, Macduff, when in sore distress to save the devoted victims of a heathen sacrifice, resorts to the expedient related in the subjoined stanzas, and the episode will complete our illustrations.

At last he in perplexity of soul  
Bethought him of his last and good resource,  
Ev'n that fair pipe whose whistle can controul  
Or fay or goblin to appear perforce,  
Huge goblin, grim and burly, from the pole,  
Fay, fleet and frisky, from Nile's mystic source:  
To try its power, he piped so loud a twang,  
Turret and wall replied, and all Balmungo rang.

And, as he pip'd, he will'd that there should rise  
The strongest spirit of Arabia's ground;  
Up stands anon before his strounded eyes  
The mightiest sprite within Arabia's bound,  
Calv'd by old mother Earth to man's surprise,  
A horrid moon-calf by the sun disown'd,  
Dwarfish and iron-limb'd, of features fell,  
Tail'd like the devil too, and sooty-grim as hell.

With him at once uprose from wormy earth  
His blood bedabbled head, prolix and long,  
That from his chin, of hideous length and girth,  
Like tail from ghastly comet streaming hung;  
And with him too was born (stupendous birth!)  
His weapon balanc'd on his shoulders strong,  
An iron bar, of weight enough to load  
Old Jason's three-deck'd ship when o'er to Thrace  
he row'd.

Some say 'twas Schaibar, he whose name is known  
From Mecca south to Babelmandel's shores;  
Some call him Arakenk, he who holds the throne  
Of Jennistan, and rules the genie powers;  
Whate'er his name and land, full soon was shown,  
I weet, his puissance near Sanct Andros' towers;  
For as he in an instant sprung to sight,  
So in a trice he mov'd tremendous to the fight.

And as he mov'd, his right hand swung about  
His bar that round him circumvolv'd full fast,  
Tormenting th' air with strokes of iron stout,  
That the sky whistled as with stormy blast;  
Each step he took made th' Abbey-wall throughout,  
Heav'd as it was with press of people vast,  
To shake, as formidably firm and slow,  
Off from the wall he mov'd to meet his boastful foe.

Nor boast, nor threat, was now, nor show of war,  
Amid these boastful Danskers, as they saw  
That earth-whelp'd monster, with his massy bar,  
Coming to thrash them down like oaten straw;  
The sacrificer hung his knife through fear, [awe;  
And speechless stood, and ghastly-white with  
Soldier, and leader, priest, and squire, and knight,  
Trembled from head to foot at that soul-scaring  
sight.

And Fulbert soon had fled with all his crew  
Of soldiers, and of sacrificers base,  
Had not a second wonder sprung to view,  
Delay'd their flying for a little space;  
For from Valhalla, up in ether blue,  
The son of Odin spied his men's disgrace,  
And down he flies, and here his golden wain  
Up to the Kinness-burn comes peeling o'er the  
plain.

He comes, and in his wheels that flash and fly  
The thunder rattles, and the lightning flares;  
He comes, and in his hand he swings on high  
The club, whose silver sheen the God declares;  
Right on he drives, determin'd soon to try  
That goblin's strength, who thus opposing dares  
To interpose such quaint unearthly frame, [game.  
And spoil his father's feast and stop the bloody

And, who art thou, the goat drawn Thor exclaims,  
Tadpole, whom Earth has, in a fit of spleen,  
Spew'd from her lumber-house of shapeless frames,  
To poison day-light with vile form obscene?  
Deem'st thou, that that thy beard with blood that  
And that thy tail, and that thy surly mien, [flames,  
Have power the sons of Odin to appal? [fall.  
Home to thy ditch, thou toad! lest mischief on thee

So saying, forward goes he to the war,  
Common'd, and burning with insatiate ire;  
Meanwhile the hero of the iron bar  
Push'd up his frightful van, his beard of fire,  
His rear, the snake tail, came following far  
Swinging behind its convulsion dire;  
He utter'd not a word; (in sooth his trade [braid.)  
Was pithy deeds not words, to maul and not up-  
And with a frightful scowl, that well might scare  
Hell from her fathomless foundations deep,  
He hears his foe, still vibrating in air  
His pond'rous bar with circulating sweep;  
And to the head of Thor directing fair  
That weapon with more upward motion steep,  
He hit him on the jole so hard a stroke, [broke.  
As if Heaven's thunder-stone had on him crashing

Then with a scream and ghastly yelling cry,  
As if a thousand devils screech'd and scream'd,  
The writhing God, up-bick'ring to the sky,  
Like to a silver arrow heav'ward gleam'd;  
Of chariot, team, and goat, that late to th' eye  
Some glorious thing of star-born beauty seem'd,  
Nought now appear'd save a long trail of light  
Like foam behind a ship left where he rush'd from  
sight.

Thus he, discomfited and hard bested,  
Slunk off and in Valhalla lay conceal'd,  
Leaving that haggard dwarf, Arabia's dread,  
Th' acknowledg'd master of the foughten field;  
Lowering a laugh Satanic, on he sped, [wheel'd,  
That genie with the bar that whizz'd and  
His mission to consummate, and to chase [the place.  
Down to their sea-ward camp the Danskers from  
As tow'd their troop his face he turn'd, anon  
His very look so witch'd their souls with fear,  
That down the land they scamper'd every one,  
Scatter'd and scudding like a herd of deer;  
None thought of sacrifice or victim; none  
Look'd now behind him in his heavy cheer,  
Lest he should feel that hugy bar robust,  
Swung in his face at once to pound his skull to dust.

Thus they, heart-struck with trepidation, scour  
Southward to huddle in their camp at ease,  
Leaving their victims in that genie's power,  
To do according as his mood may please;  
He sweet'ning to a smile his face's lower,  
Their interchain'd hands from bondage frees,  
And gives his benediction kind, and sends  
The youths away in joy to meet rejoicing friends.

Whereat the folk that on the crowded wall,  
Suspense and trembling, long had stood at gaze,  
Set up a merry outcry one and all,  
Huzza! jubilant their champion's praise,  
Full loudly, that the blue-roof'd heavenly hall  
In corresponding peals the shout repays;  
Meanwhile, amid that noise, their champion-sprite  
Down in a moment sinks and vanishes from sight.

E'en in a moment dives he under-ground,  
With all his equipage of genie state,  
Bar, beard, and tail, that not a trace is found,  
To shew the people were he stood so late;  
As on the surface of the salt profound  
A mallard floating in his pride elate,  
If chance a rapid ship come stemming by,  
Down dips into the deeps t' elude the seaman's eye:  
So disappear'd that dwarf beneath the clod,  
Relieving sun-light of his haggish form,  
And through earth's fissures to his deep abode  
Creeps like a smoke, or like a slimy worm,  
There in old Jennistan's green land and broad,  
To nestle and encave his bulk deform,  
Till Fate, or till the whistle of the Thane,  
Evoke him from his rest to fight for men again.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the  
verse is either forcible or ridiculous as the  
epithets, *chance-directed*, happen to fit or to  
mar. Never did we meet with adjectives so  
employed before, and we have to repeat,  
that if they are not meant for the whimsi-  
cal, they are not suitable for the grave.  
One instance will suffice; when Macduff is  
entitled by the Northern Armida, Balder's  
joy is thus described:

The crafty God laughed loudly at that scene;  
Heaven rattled, as he laughed, from Leith to  
Aberdeen.

There are also too many low terms:  
But may the Devil seize and throttle me,  
If in retreating stoutly, I do spare

To castigate those big sea-vermin base, [chase  
If following at my heels too hot and hard they

Is a sad example of this: monsters that  
*grubbed* at the heels of retreating heroes,  
and heroes who before council agree

First then, obedient to the belly's call,  
Jejune and pining as we are with fast,  
Here let us sup beside the city-wall,  
And prop our tottering hearts with sweet repast:  
This moonshine sky shall be our supper-hall;  
This moon our chandelier, globe and vast;

are not the only additions we could make  
on this charge. But we must conclude as  
the poem does, abruptly. We think the  
author has mistaken his subject; but he  
has shown so much fancy, imagination,  
and poetic genius, that we can heartily  
laugh (as we trust they will from Leith to  
Aberdeen) at his faults, and heartily enjoy  
his beauties.

#### PHILLIPS'S HISTORY, &c.—2 Vols. 8vo.

WE continue without preface our extracts  
from this History of Vegetables; a few  
columns of which administer to the mis-  
cellaneous nature of our various sheet.

*Mint*.—Should be cut for drying, just when  
it is in flower, and on a fine day; for, if cut  
in damp weather, the leaves will turn black.  
It should be tied in small bunches, and  
dried in a shady place out of the wind; but,  
to retain its natural virtues more effectually,  
it has been found better to place the mint  
in a screen, and to dry it quickly before a  
fire, so that it may be powdered, and im-  
mediately put into glass bottles and kept well  
stopped. Parsley, thyme, sage, and other  
herbs, retain their full fragrance when thus  
prepared, and are by this mode secured from  
dust, and always ready to the hand of the  
cook.

A conserve made of mint is grateful, and  
the distilled waters, both simple and spiri-  
tous, are much esteemed. The juice of spearmint  
drunk in vinegar, often stops the hiccup.  
Lewis observes, what has before been noticed  
by Pliny, that mint prevents the coagulation  
of milk, and hence is recommended in milk  
diets. When dry, and digested in rectified  
spirits of wine, it gives out a tincture which  
appears by day-light of a fine dark green,  
but by candle-light of a bright red colour;  
a small quantity is green by day-light or can-  
dle-light; a large quantity seems imper-  
vious to day-light, but when held between  
the eye and the candle, or between the eye  
and the sun, it appears red. If put into a  
flat bottle, it appears green sideways; but  
when viewed edgewise, red.

*Mushrooms*.—So much are mushrooms now  
in request, that we cannot content ourselves  
with mushroom beds only, but we have mush-  
room houses also. The author, on referring  
to his diary of November the fourteenth,  
finds a memorandum that would have puzzled  
our forefathers.

"While gathering a mushroom, the ladder  
slipped and I was precipitated to the ground,  
but without injury."

The mushrooms in the house alluded to,  
were growing on beds supported one over  
the other by broad shelves of elm planks,  
with a deep ledge to keep up the earth;  
but from the necessary fermentation of the  
manure, the planks are liable to rot, there-  
fore, where durability is required, large flag-

stones should be substituted, and supported by iron props or brackets. Should stone be found too cold for the spawn, any slight boards that are not painted may be laid on it. As light is not necessary for the growth of this high-flavoured vegetable, almost every country-seat may furnish an out-house for the purpose of obtaining mushrooms at all seasons, and of a safe quality.

The author has observed that the upper shelves in his Majesty's mushroom house at Kensington were equally or more productive than those below: thus by good arrangement a small shed, or even a closet, may be made sufficient for the supply of a moderate family. As mice will destroy the spawn or young mushrooms, either traps must be set, or ingress allowed to their purring enemy.

In the neighbourhood of London, experienced mushroom-men go about at the proper season, collecting vast quantities of spawn for the supply of seedsmen, who sell it by the bushel, the price varying according to the favourableness of the weather when it is collected. Since mushrooms have been so much grown on hot-beds, and more minutely attended to, the plant has been found so perfect, that it can either be raised by seed or propagated by roots, the several filaments at the root producing tubercles in the manner of potatoes, from each of which will arise new roots and a new plant or flower.

The following simple and easy method is recommended for trying the quality of field-mushrooms: take an onion, and strip the outer skin, and boil it with them; if it remains white, they are good, but if it becomes blue or black, there are certainly dangerous ones among them. Where the symptoms of poison have already taken place, the medical assistant recommends an emetic, drinking plentifully of warm water, and when the contents of the stomach are brought off, to have recourse to strong cordials, such as ginger-tea and brandy, with laudanum, or cayenne pepper made into pills.

Barham describes the symptoms to be, that soon after they are eaten, a hiccup seizes the patient, then a cold or chilling all over the body, attended with tremblings, and at last convulsions and death.

The most venomous sort is one that rises out of the earth about six inches high, rounding and hollow like a bladder, red as scarlet, full of holes like fine wrought net work; which is most probably the *Clathrus cancellatus*. There is one kind of these mushrooms, that is said to kill the very flies that settle on them. According to Mr. Haller, says M Valmont Bomare, the Russians eat even the mushrooms that the French consider the most dangerous, and which they use to kill flies; if this be possible, we conclude they have some method of extracting the venomous particles of the plant, unless, like Mithridates of old, they have become so accustomed to poison, that it loses its effect of their constitution, as the Turks take opium with indifference.

We have not heard that the morel, a kind of mushroom, has yet been cultivated, although it is said to be good for creating an appetite, is accounted restorative, and is much used in sauces and ragouts. The following accounts of extraordinary mushrooms, which we meet with in the works of respectable authors, may perhaps subject them to the imputation of credulity.

Matthiols mentions mushrooms which weighed thirty pounds each. Fer. Imperatus tells us, he saw some which weighed above one hundred pounds a-piece. The Journal des Scavans furnishes us with an account of some growing on the frontiers of Hungary, which made a full cart load.

A mushroom of the very best quality was lately gathered in the neighbourhood of Brigg, in Lincolnshire, which measured three feet four inches in circumference; girth of the stalk, five inches and a half; it was two inches in thickness, and weighed twenty-nine ounces. Six others were gathered at the same time near the above, averaging about two feet in circumference.

Chambers relates, that some years ago, an extraordinary mushroom grew upon an old piece of timber in a blacksmith's cellar in the Haymarket, and attained the height of twelve inches or more, and when cut down, appeared again at the same time the next year, and so for several succeeding years. In the year 1692, M. Tournesfort found such an one growing on an old beam in the abbey at St. Germain's: the smell was like that of others of the same kind. An infusion from part of it turned an infusion of turasol to a bright red; so that it evidently abounded in acids. This seed must have been brought by some accident to these situations, unless the fungi originated in the decaying timber. Lord Bacon says, "It is reported, that the bark of white or red poplar (which may be classed amongst the moistest trees) cut small and cast into furrows well dunged, will cause the ground to put forth mushrooms, at all seasons of the year, fit to be eaten; some add to the mixture leaven bread, resolved in water. It is also reported, that if a hilly field, where the stubble is standing, be set on fire, in the showery season it will put forth great store of mushrooms."

The Laplanders have a way of using the common toadstools, as the Chinese do moxa, to cure pains: they collect the large fungi which they find on the bark of beech and other large trees, and dry them for use. Whenever they have pains in their limbs, they bruise some of this dried matter, and pulling it to pieces, they lay a small heap near the part where the pain is situated, and set it on fire; in burning away it blisters up the part, and the water discharged by this means generally carries off the pain. It is a rude practice, but said to be very effectual, where the patient takes it in time, and has resolution to stand the burning to a necessary degree.

*Nasturtium*.—The blossoms have been observed to emit electric sparks towards evening, which was first noticed by the daughter of the illustrious Linnæus, who could not credit the account until he had seen the phenomenon. It is seen most distinctly with the eye partly closed.

The flowers, as well as the young leaves, are used in salads, being of a warm, spicy, agreeable taste, and an excellent antiscorbutic. The nasturtium blossom is serviceable in a weakness, or pain, of the stomach, proceeding from cold and flatulencies. (\* Dale.)

By distillation with water, the flowers impregnate the fluid with their smell and flavour.

The flowers, being of so excellent a colour for candlelight, are often used to garnish dishes. The plant itself is a great ornament to our pleasure-grounds, whether

trailing on the ground, or trained to trees or trellis-fences.

*Parsley*.—The seed should be sown in the spring; it remains six weeks in the earth; it never appears in less than forty days, nor does it often exceed fifty: thus it takes longer to vegetate than any other known seed; but it is observed that old seed comes up earlier than new. †

This herb is good for sheep that have eaten a kind of wild ranunculus, which causes a worm to destroy their liver. It is also said to be an excellent remedy to preserve sheep from the rot, provided they are fed twice a week, for two or three hours each time, with this herb. Parsley has been sometimes cultivated in fields for this purpose; but hares and rabbits are so fond of it, that they will come from a great distance to feed upon it; so that those who wish to draw hares on their estates have only to sow parsley in their parks or fields.

Parsley, when rubbed against a glass goblet or tumbler, will break it; the cause of this phenomenon is not known.

To preserve parsley for the seasoning of meats, &c. let it be gathered on a dry day, and immediately put into a tinned roasting-screen, and placed close to a large fire; it will then soon become brittle, when it may be rubbed fine, and put into glass bottles for use.

*Parsnips*.—Contain a very considerable portion of sugar. In Thuringia, the country people evaporate the juice until it has the consistency of thick syrup, when they eat it on bread instead of honey, and use it in many cases as a substitute for sugar.

Marmalade made with parsnips and a small quantity of sugar, is thought to excite appetite, and to be a very proper food for convalescence.

Wine made from these roots approaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and the Canaries, than any other wine; it is made with little expence or trouble, and only requires to be kept a few years to make it as agreeable to the palate, as it is wholesome to the body; yet fashion induces us to give pounds for foreign wines, when we can obtain excellent wines of our own country for as many shillings.

In the northern parts of Ireland the poor people obtain a sort of beer from parsnips, by mashing and boiling the roots with hops, and then fermenting the liquor.

*Potatoes*.—In 1807, Mrs. Morris of Union-street, near the Middlesex Hospital, discovered that the liquor obtained in the process of making potatoe-starch would clean silk, woollen, or cotton goods, without damage to the texture or colour. It is also good for cleaning painted wainscots; and the white *fecula*, the substance of which potatoe-starch

+ Yet the following notice of celery shows that seed may accidentally remain infinitely longer in the ground:—"It appears, that celery-seed will vegetate after it has remained in the earth for several years: an instance of this occurred in the author's garden, where no celery had been planted for three years or more, when he was surprised to find in a large plot of ground where cabbages had been planted, and which succeeded a crop of potatoes, several hundred of fine celery plants. The following year several plants appeared in the same plot, although no celery had seeded, and the plants had been removed to a distant situation."



is made, she says, will answer the purpose of tapioca, and will make a useful nourishing food with soup or milk. It is known to make the best *soufflés*, and has within these last few months been introduced at the foreign oil-shops as a new article, under the name of *Fécule de Pomme de Terre*, for which they modestly charge four shillings per pound.

Potatoes boiled down to a pulp, and passed through a sieve, form a strong nutritious gruel, that may be given to calves as well as pigs, with great advantage and saving of milk.

A size is made from potatoes, which has great advantages over the common size, for the purpose of white-washing, as its does not smell, and it has also a more durable whiteness.

The most simple, and perhaps the most wholesome, way of boiling potatoes, is in an unfitted iron pot or saucepan; when boiled, pour off the water, and let them continue over a gentle fire: the heat of the iron will cause the moisture to evaporate, and dry the potatoe fit for the table.

*Rosemary*.—It is still the custom in some parts of this country, as well as in France, to put a branch of rosemary in the hauds of the dead when in the coffin; and we are told by Valmont Bomare, in his *Histoire Naturelle*, "that when the coffins have been opened after several years, the plant has been found to have vegetated so much that the leaves have covered the whole corpse. This account savours more of superstition than of the nature of the plant.

It is still the custom at the hospitals in France to burn rosemary with juniper berries, to correct impure air, and to prevent infection. The custom of using it at funerals may have had reference to this virtue in the plant.

Without entering into the extravagant opinions of the ancients respecting odours, we cannot avoid thinking that the effect which different smells and perfumes have on the mind as well as the health, is not at present sufficiently attended to.

Most people acknowledge to have felt the refreshing odour of tea and coffee before tasting them; and in heated rooms the fragrance of a cut lemon, or a recently sliced cucumber, has been observed to give general refreshment.

The ancients held certain odours in the highest veneration. Among the Israelites, the principal perfume of the sanctuary was forbidden for all common uses. The smell of the incense and burnt offerings in their sacrifices was thought to dispose the mind to devotion; while others were used to excite love. "I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon." Some perfumes were prescribed to procure pleasant dreams; whereas others were deemed of a contrary effect. It appears that they also employed odours as a nourishment when the frame was exhausted; as it is related that Democritus, when on his death-bed, hearing a woman in the house complain that she should be prevented from being at a solemn feast which she had a great desire to see, because there would be a corpse in the house, ordered some loaves of new bread to be brought, and having opened them, poured wine into them,

and so kept himself alive with the odour of them until the feast was past.

The sprigs of this plant were formerly stuck into beef whilst roasting, and they are said to have communicated to it an excellent relish. The leaves were also boiled in milk pottage, to give it an aromatic flavour; and before simples were so much out of use, the apothecaries made a distilled water, a conserve, and an electuary from this plant, which also produces by distillation an essential oil, which was much esteemed for all affections of the brain.

As we purpose still making a few further extracts from these volumes, we will carry a short article to our next week's account.

## FOSCARI.\*

LET us lift up the curtain, and observe  
What passes in that chamber. Now a sigh,  
And now a groan is heard. Then all is still.  
Twenty are sitting as in judgment there;  
Men who have served their country, and grown grey  
In governments and distant embassies;  
Men eminent alike in war and peace;  
Such as in effigy shall long adorn  
The walls of Venice—to shew what she has been!  
Their garb is black, and black the arras is,  
And sad the general aspect. Yet their looks  
Are calm, are cheerful; nothing there like grief,  
Nothing or harsh, or cruel. Still that noise,  
That low and dismal moaning.

Half withdrawn,

A little to the left, sits one in crimson,  
A venerable man, fourscore and upward.  
Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrowed brow.  
His hands are clenched; his eyes half shut and  
glazed;  
His shrunk and withered limbs rigid as marble.  
'Tis Foscari, the Doge. And there is one,  
A young man, lying at his feet, stretched out  
In torture. 'Tis his son, his only one;  
'Tis Giacomo, the blessing of his age,  
(Say, has he lived for this?) accused of murder,  
The murder of the Senator Donato.  
Last night the proofs, if proofs they are, were dropped  
Into the lion's mouth, the mouth of brass,  
That gapes and gorges; and the Doge himself,  
'Tis not the first time he has filled this office,  
Must sit and look on a beloved Son  
Suffering the Question.

To save a falling house, and turn the hearts  
Of his fell Adversaries, those who now,  
Like hell-hounds in full cry, are running down  
His last of four, twice did he ask their leave  
To lay aside the Crown, and they refused him,  
An oath exacting, never more to ask it;  
And there he sits, a spectacle of woe,  
By them, his rivals in the State, compelled,  
Such the refinement of their cruelty,  
To keep the place he sighed for.

Once again

The screw is turned; and, as it turns, the Son  
Looks up, and in a faint and broken accent, [back,  
Murmurs "My Father!" The old man shrinks  
And in his mantle muffles up his face.  
"Art thou not guilty?" says a voice, that once  
Would greet the Sufferer long before they met,  
And on his ear strike like a pleasant music, [not!"  
"Art thou not guilty?"—"No! Indeed I am  
But all is unavailing. In that Court  
Greens are confessions; Patience, Fortitude,

\* The story from *Italy* promised in our review of that publication last Saturday.

The work of Magic; and, released, upheld,  
For Condemnation, from his Father's lips  
He hears the sentence, "Banishment to Candia.  
Death if he leaves it."

And the bark sets sail;

And he is gone from all he loves—for ever!  
His wife, his boys, and his disconsolate parents!  
Gone in the night—unseen, alas, of any—  
Without a word, a look of tenderness,  
To be called up, when, in his lonely hours  
He would indulge in weeping.

Like a ghost,

Day after day, year after year, he haunts  
An ancient rampart, that o'erhangs the sea;  
Gazing on vacancy, and hourly starting  
To answer to the watch.

But lo, at last,

Messengers come. He is recalled: his heart  
Leaps at the tidings. He embarks: the boat  
Springs to the oar, and back again he goes,  
Into that very chamber! there to lie  
In his old resting-place, the bed of torture;  
And thence look up (Five long, long years of Grief  
Have not killed either) on his wretched Sire,  
Still in that seat—as though he had not left it,  
Immovable, enveloped in his mantle.

But now he comes, convicted of a crime  
Great by the laws of Venice. Night and day,  
Brooding on what he had been, what he was,  
'Twas more than he could bear. His longing-fits  
Thickened upon him. His desire for home  
Became a madness; and, resolved to go,  
If but to die, in his despair he writes  
A letter to Francesco, Duke of Milan,  
Soliciting his influence with the State,  
And drops it to be found.—"Would ye know all?  
I have transgressed, offended wilfully;  
And am prepared to suffer as I ought.  
But let me, let me, if but for an instant,  
Ye must consent—for all of you are sons,  
Most of you husbands, fathers, let me first  
Indulge the natural feelings of a man,  
And, ere I die, if such my sentence be,  
Press to my heart ('tis all I ask of you)  
My wife, my children—and my aged mother—  
Say, is she yet alive?"

He is condemned

To go ere set of sun, go whence he came,  
A banished man—and for a year to breathe  
The vapour of a dungeon.—But his prayer  
(What could they less?) is granted.

In a hall

Open and crowded by the common rabble,  
'Twas there a trembling Wife and her four sons  
Yet young, a Mother, borne along, bed-ridden,  
And an old Doge, mustering up all his strength,  
That strength how small, assembled now to meet  
One so long lost, long mourned, one who for them  
Had braved so much—death, and yet worse than  
death—  
To meet him and to part with him for ever!

Time and their heavy wrongs had changed  
them all;  
Him most! Yet when the Wife, the Mother  
looked

Again, 'twas he himself, 'twas Giacomo,  
Their only hope, and trust, and consolation!  
And all clung round him, weeping bitterly;  
Weeping the more, because they wept in vain.

Unnerved, unsettled in his mind from long  
And exquisite pain, he sobs aloud and cries,  
Kissing the old Man's cheek, "Help me, my Father!  
Let me, I pray thee, live once more among you:  
Let me go home."—"My Son," returns the Doge,  
Mastering awhile his grief, "if I may still  
Call thee my Son, if thou art innocent,  
As I would fain believe," but, as he speaks,  
He falls, "submit without a murmur."

\* Proverbs, c. vii. v. 17.

Night,  
That to the World brought revelry, to them  
Brought only food for sorrow. Giacomo  
Embarked—to die; sent to an early grave  
For thee, Erizzo, whose death-bed confession,  
“He is most innocent! ‘Twas I who did it!”  
Came when he slept in peace. The ship, that sailed  
Swift as the winds with his recall to Honour,  
Bore back a lifeless corse. Generous as brave,  
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices  
Of Love and Duty were to him as needful  
As was his daily bread;—and to become  
A by-word in the meanest mouths of Venice,  
Bringing a stain on those who gave him life,  
On those, alas, now worse than fatherless—  
To be proclaimed a ruffian, a night-stabber,  
He on whom none before had breathed reproach—  
He lived but to disprove it. That hope lost, [not;  
Death followed. From the hour he went, he spoke  
And in his dungeon, when he laid him down,  
He sunk to rise no more. Oh, if there be  
Justice in Heaven, and we are assured there is,  
A day must come of ample Retribution!

Then was thy cup, old Man, full to o’erflowing.  
But thou wast yet alive; and there was one,  
The soul and spring of all that Emity,  
Who would not leave thee; fastening on thy flank  
Hungering and thirsting, still unsatisfied,  
One of a name illustrious as thine own:  
One of the Ten! one of the Invisible Three!  
‘Twas Loredano.

When the whelps were gone,  
He would dialogue the lion from his den;  
And, leading on the pack he long had led,  
The miserable pack that ever howled  
Against fallen Greatness, moved that Foscari  
Be Doge no longer; urging his great age,  
His incapacity and nothingness;  
Calling a Father’s sorrows in his chamber  
Neglect of duty, anger, contumacy.  
“I am most willing to retire,” says Foscari:  
“But I have sworn, and cannot of myself.  
Do with me as ye please.”

He was deposed,  
He, who had reigned so long and gloriously;  
His ducal bonnet taken from his brow,  
His robes stripped off, his ring, that ancient symbol,  
Broken before him. But now nothing moved  
The meekness of his soul. All things alike!  
Among the six that came with the decree,  
Foscari saw one he knew not, and enquired  
His name. “I am the son of Marco Memmo.”  
“Ah,” he replied, “thy father was my friend.”

And now he goes. “It is the hour and past.  
I have no business here.”—“But wilt thou not  
Avoid the gazing crowd? That way is private.”  
“No! as I entered, so will I retire.”  
And, leaning on his staff, he left the Palace,  
His residence for four and thirty years,  
By the same staircase he came up in splendour,  
The staircase of the Giants. Turning round,  
When in the court below, he stooped and said,  
“My merits brought me hither. I depart,  
Driven by the malice of my Enemies.”  
Then through the crowd withdrew, poor as he came,  
And in his gondola went off, unfollowed  
But by the sighs of them that dared not speak.

This journey was his last. When the bell rung,  
Next day, announcing a new Doge to Venice,  
It rung his knell.

But whence the deadly hate  
That caused all this—the hate of Loredano?  
It was a legacy his Father left him,  
Who, but for Foscari, had reigned in Venice,  
And, like the venom in the serpent’s bag,  
Gathered and grew! Nothing but turned to venom!  
In vain did Foscari sue for peace, for friendship,  
Offering in marriage his fair Isabel.

He changed not; with a dreadful piety,  
Studying revenge; listening alone to those  
Who talked of vengeance; grasping by the hand  
Those in their zeal (and none, alas, were wanting)  
Who came to tell him of another wrong,  
Done or imagined. When his father died,  
‘Twas whispered in his ear, “He died by poison!”  
He wrote it on the tomb (‘tis there in marble)  
And in his ledger book—among his debtors—  
Entered the name, “Francesco Foscari.”  
And added, “For the murder of my Father.”  
Leaving a blank—to be filled up hereafter.  
When Foscari’s noble heart at length gave way,  
He took the volume from the shelf again  
Calmly, and with his pen filled up the blank,  
Inscribing, “He has paid me.”

#### BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

##### The Ninth Century.

CHARLEMAGNE, at the end of the preceding  
and beginning of this Century, magnifi-  
cently patronized learning, though he was  
not taught to write in his youth, and was  
45 years of age when he began to study the  
sciences under Alcuin. He established  
schools in the Cathedrals and principal  
Abbeys for teaching writing, arithmetic,  
grammar, and church music; what would  
be a parish school education in our times,  
but was of greater importance when even  
dignified ecclesiastics could not sign their  
own names. He was earnest in promoting  
a knowledge of the Scriptures, both among  
the clergy and laity; and, among other  
acts, employed Paul Warnefrid, or *Paulus  
Diaconus*, who wrote a history of the Lom-  
bard Nation, to reform the Church service.

He also discovered a just discrimination  
of merit in the ecclesiastics of his kingdom,  
and a disposition to reward it, as is demon-  
strated by the following anecdote: Having  
received intelligence of the death of a bishop,  
he inquired how much of his property he had  
bequeathed to the poor; the answer was, two  
pounds of silver; upon which a young clerk  
exclaimed, “That is but a very small pro-  
vision for so great a voyage.” Charlemagne,  
pleased with the observation, instantly said  
to him, “Be thou his successor; but never  
forget that expression.”

He died 28th January, A.D. 814, and in  
his tomb, besides other relics and treasures,  
was deposited a book of the Gospels written  
on pure vellum, in characters of gold; this  
was removed when the sepulchre was  
stripped by Otho III. in the 11th century,  
and is still preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle.  
There are many other copies of the Scrip-  
tures of the same age.

Rabanus Maurus, Abbot of Fulda, and  
afterwards Bishop of Mentz, was a distin-  
guished biblical writer of this period. His  
Commentaries, and Latin and Franco-Theo-  
tisc Glossary of the Bible, were important  
works. He also wrote Latin verses, accord-  
ing to the barbarous taste of the times, in  
the shapes of men, angels, birds, beasts,  
trees, crosses, rings, &c. &c. He died in  
856, with the opinion, as Trithemius asserts,  
“That Italy had not seen his like, nor Ger-  
many produced his equal.” The *Libri  
Evangeliorum* of Otfrid, in Teutonic and  
Latin metre, a disciple of Rabanus, was also  
a celebrated production about this period,

to communicate a knowledge of the prin-  
cipal facts and doctrines of the Gospels to  
the rude people of Germany. There were  
other authors of note, but, as Mr. Townley  
states,

Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, who  
flourished about A.D. 870, was the most cele-  
brated of his contemporaries; he wrote a  
*Catena* on the *Book of Psalms*, compiled from  
the writings of Athanasius, Basil, Chrysos-  
tom, &c. and a commentary upon the *Pro-  
phets*, both of which are yet extant in MS.  
He also composed a book of *Questions*, relat-  
ing to various passages of Scripture, entitled  
*Amphilochia*, from its having been addressed  
to Amphilochius, bishop of Cyzicum. These  
questions on the Bible are, however, inter-  
persed with others of a philosophical and  
literary kind; they are also extant in MS. in  
different public libraries. But his most cele-  
brated works are his *Nomocanon*, and *Myro-  
biblion*, or *Bibliotheca*. The *Nomocanon* is a  
collection which includes, under fourteen  
titles, all the canons acknowledged in the  
church, from the times of the Apostles to the  
seventh Œcumenic council. The *Myrobiblion*,  
or *Library*, is a *Review* of the works of two  
hundred and eighty authors, theologians,  
commentators, philosophers, historians, ora-  
tors, physicians, and grammarians. It was  
undertaken at the request of his brother  
Tarasius, and composed whilst he was a lay-  
man, and, as it seems, during an embassy at  
the court of Bagdat. It is one of the most  
precious remains of antiquity; and is the  
model on which the critical journals have  
been formed, which, in modern times, have so  
much engaged the learned of different nations,  
and contributed to the advancement of litera-  
ture. An interesting account of this most  
learned and accomplished scholar, is given in  
Berington’s *Literary History of the Middle  
Ages*, App. I. pp. 554—562. His *Myrobib-  
lion*, or *Library*, has been several times  
printed; the best edition is that of And.  
Schottus, Rothom. fol. 1653.

(To be continued.)

#### ERIN GO BRAGH.

A poem of two hundred and forty lines,  
on the subject of the King’s visit to Ireland,  
has just been published under the above  
title, in which we suspect there is a slight  
typographical error. From Erin go Bragh  
we should propose to expunge the *h*, and  
then the production and its name would fit  
to a letter, *Erin go Brag*. In truth it is a  
tirade of the most trite and rhodomontade  
style, which has been adopted by too many  
Irish orators and writers, lacking the founda-  
tions of sound understanding and com-  
mon sense, which are poorly compensated  
by the flowers of language, and even by the  
display of talents. The writer here is in-  
dignant at the want of unanimity in his  
country (for he heedlessly, since his matter  
would demonstrate it, avows himself to be  
a Pat,) and by way of mending it, bestows  
every epithet of reproach and scurrility  
upon those who differ from him in opinion.  
This is the Donnybrook Fair way of recon-  
ciling a quarrel—To it, Erin go Bragh—  
“With the sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so  
green!”

The intolerance of this toleration is a cu-  
rious feature of religious and political dis-



sensions on both sides, not, however, peculiar to Ireland; a fine country with noble capabilities, if cherished to good, instead of being perverted to bad ends.

But, though we cannot commend the intemperance of this bard, his love of his native land, overheated as it is, commands our approbation. Like most of the errors of his country, it is an error in the right quarter of the heart, which may bluish, but cannot disgrace. He is also a person of considerable poetical endowments, and, (though somewhat affected in alliteration, antithesis, and sing-song) upon the whole forcible in his composition. For example, after railing in good set terms at some "phalanx of knaves," "barpies of spoil," "baffled cabal," "bigots," "meanest of slaves," "reptiles," "poisonous vipers," &c. &c. (all in three of the mild verses of this peace-maker) he says the King "must disdain their malice," and adds the following clever verse:

For this—e'en for this, Erin! let your Prince share

In the praise of your Saint, as a patriot of Kings;  
For he crush'd the worse reptiles engender'd still there,

And has silenced their hiss, tho' he left them their stings.

We must allow there is point here: he goes on to fulfil the divine precept and honour the King:

Scarce the crown on his brows had the heralds proclaim'd,  
When the Shamrock he placed midst the gems of  
'Twas the symbol, he knew, of a people long fam'd  
For their love to their faith,—and their faith to their King.

That symbol he bore to the land where it flourish'd,

With an open good will—with a grace all his own;  
'Twas a talisman there, and the virtues it nourish'd,  
He had found were the surest supports of a throne.

Then dismissing his guards, where still gallant and gay,

Every breast the old spirit of chivalry warms;  
"Brave Erin go brag! (cried the Monarch),  
Hurrah!"

And, confiding and fearless, rush'd into her arms.

Hereupon the author praiseth the hospitality of Ireland, and sayeth that he would have been ashamed of her had she done otherwise than forget her griefs, and give her monarch a warm, a cordial, an Irish reception. He then contrasts the sister countries, and exalts in the superiority of the popular spirit in Ireland over that exhibited in England. The next topic is the anticipation of some meditated attack on the Irish character by a "gigantic genius;" but as we know nothing of this rod in pickle, we pass to a characteristic specimen of the work in a few verses, in which the author supposes what Grattan would have done in opposition to the course of the giant aforesaid:

E'en had he surmis'd, what low slander imparts,  
And suppos'd a great Prince so perverse in his taste,  
As to turn the best feelings that throb in your hearts  
Into serpents, to sting there for love so misplac'd—

Had he thought all delusion—a dull farce of state,  
To cajole a brave people, too prone to believe—  
That the radiance of Royalty shed on your fate,  
Was the meteor of moonshine, that glared to deceive—

Even then, tho' disdaining the hollow device,  
Still respecting the duped, while he scorn'd the deluder,

For his counterfeit love he had paid the full price,  
As the proudest reproach to the heartless intruder.

But too noble himself, sound of heart to the core,  
He had blush'd to impute the low trick to a throne,  
While his zeal 'mongst the foremost who crowded  
your shore,

Would have prompted your homage, and proffer'd

That rich burst of the heart—that explosion of feeling,

That vigour volcanic, denoting a soul,  
Where all, their combustible beauties revealing,  
The virtues and passions conflictingly roll.

That impatience of wrong, prompting restless resistance,

That pride of achievement, still feeding on praise,  
That gay disregard of all ills at a distance,  
That attachment which vibrates, but never betrays.

All these, in his countrymen, grac'd and combin'd,

With their high sense of honour—their fear but Grattan priz'd as the richest materials of mind,  
Ever moulded to virtue, or fashion'd to fame.

Had you swerv'd from the high-minded moral he taught you,

In his life—in his death—through his day—to his  
Had you outraged the guest who in kindness had sought you,

The Patriot had shudder'd for shame in his tomb.

The evidence of "vigour volcanic" in the writer, being by this quotation established, we shall bid him good bye. The dedication is to Mr. Charles Grant—we suspect there is an invincible reason why it is not to Mr. Charles Phillips.

*A Morning in Cork Street: or Raising the Wind!* 12mo. pp. 241.

A production of the Slang School, called *Life in London*, has been much read about town by the numerous class to whom such pictures as it presents of low and profligate manners are amusing; and, indeed, the very clever prints with which Cruikshanks, the caricaturist, has ornamented it, are well calculated to obtain popularity for the volume. *A Morning in Cork Street* is an humble effort in the same line without the caricatures to recommend it; and without that fancy talent in the text which sometimes renders its prototype, though excessively absurd, ludicrous. Private and personal scandal, asterisks and initials, a mere catchpenny founded on the bankruptcy of the money-lenders, Howard and Gibbs, and pretending to give an account of their borrowing visitors and usurious practices:—such is the present publication, and not less unworthy of notice as an entertaining narrative, than imbecile in a literary point of view and offensive as a development of vicious manners.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ETYMOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

(Extracts.)

ALMAHACK. s. Not from "al, Arab. and *moon*, Gr. the moon or a month," as we are told, but from *Al-manach*, Arab. the moon.

The posterity of Ishmael may have drawn the substantive *manach* from the Hebrew *מנח* *Meneh* (the possible origin of the Greek *μνη* [*to calculate*, or from some antediluvian tongue, which, spoken by Noah and his family in the ark, became the source of all dialects on the surface of the globe after the flood.

I have often considered it as a curious coincidence, that in Greek and Latin, and the numerous progeny of these, as they are generally called, mother-tongues, the names given to the two grand luminaries of our globe should have borne, in some degree, an allusion to *singleness* or *unity*. *Sol*, Lat. analog. *Solus*, alone—*Soleil*, Fr. *Sole*, Ital. *Sonne*, Sax. and *Sun*, Eng. with a slight permutation of the sister-liquid consonants *l* and *n*, are mere derivations from *Sol* or *Solus*, the original theme of which may have belonged to a most ancient language now unknown. *Luna*, Lat.—*Μηνη*, Gr. analog. to *μνος*, *μνη*, *solus*, *sol*, single, alone; [leaving aside the above suggested Hebraic origin.] Some etymologists derive *Luna* from the Greek *Seiene*, *Σεληνη*—but others, and, more probably, refer the word to *Una*, alone, single, with the addition of the liquid *l* in lieu of an aspirating accent. The French *Lune*, Italian *Luna*, &c. follow the same track, and *Moon*, Engl. *Mona*, Sax. *Mond*, Teut. are plainly referrible to the Greek, *μνη*, *sol*, alone. Is it not probable that ancient observers of the wonders of these luminaries, struck by the awful majesty of that solitary orb, the source of light and heat by day—and, at night, by the cool and pleasing influence of the moon shining alone in the darkened bosom of the skies, considered their alternate *singleness* in the heavens, whilst the stars shrink and seem humbly to retire to the remotest regions of infinity, as a most characteristic point?]

AMBUS. s. "From *Ambo* and *Acc*," is the etymology given by Johnson. His editor, Mr. Todd, exerts himself, with his usual ingenuity, to obtain something more congruous. He talks of *Ambezats* with Cotgrave; of *Ambezus* and *baset* with Rochefort; and of nothing with Boucher, who "searched for it in vain in several dictionaries of the French language." Much ado about nothing. No derivation is more obvious, more plain than the following. The *Acc*, or number *one*, at dice was called in Latin *As*, or *Assis* when the dice turned up two aces—this throw was noticed by the declaration, *Ecce ambos asses*, Behold both the aces. Hence undoubtedly *Ambus-ace*. [This, by the bye, may be adduced to prove that the Romans commonly played with two dice only, or else, according to grammatical strictness, the words should have been "Ecce duos asses," Here are two aces. The classical reader knows that *duo* answers to *two*; and *ambo* to *both*. The French *baset*, from *bas*, Lat. *twice*, and *as*, Lat. an *ace*, will never do.]

AMBUSH. ["*Embuscade*, Fr. Bailey and Johnson.] This is not right; on the contrary, the English *Ambush* seems to have begotten the French *Embuscade* and *Embuches*, as derivatives; since the word *Bush* applies more closely to the circumstance of

soldiers concealing themselves behind *bushes* in order to rise on a sudden and sally forth upon the unsuspecting enemy. *Ambush* consequently ought to be referred to "in a bush;" or perhaps more properly to the German "Am busch," at the bush, *an* for *an dem*. *Bush* in French is *Buisson*. \* \* \*

**AMOMUM.** s. [Lat.] "A sort of fruit," says Johnson. This plant is the *Solanum Arborescens*. This arbuscle is so called on account of the close resemblance its flowers and fruit bear to those of the common Night-shade. On the continent, this elegant little tree is cultivated in pots and placed upon windows or in gardens; and owing to the loveliness of the plant, on the pale-green leaves of which its small vermilion apples display their glossy spheres, the fruit is called "Pomme d'Amour," Apple of love.

The *Amomum* was well known to the ancients; but it is almost impossible to identify the plant, which they so called, with our own. I have reason to think that the *Amomum* of the Greeks and Romans, which came from Syria in the shape of an *unguentum*, ointment or perfume, was a generic name, from which *Cinnamomum* and *Cardamomum* were distinguished. The Hebrew *Cinnamon*, which we have retained, seems to indicate that the original word was *Amom*, to feed; as if the fruit of these shrubs had been anciently the aliment of our forefathers, and shared with the acorn the providential office of feeding the rising generations of mankind.

The best *Amomum* was sent to Italy from the Assyrian groves, and was lavishly poured on the head to nourish and perfume the hair. Martial says, *Epig. lib. v. 65*.

*Pinguet nimo madidus mihi crinis amomi;*  
With sweet *Amomum* feed my glossy hair. [E]

According to Ovid, *Met. xv*, the Phoenix feeds upon the juice of this shrub. "Et succo vivit *Amomi*." Whether the longevity of the antediluvian race of men and that of the Phoenix were beholden in any way to the juice contained in this plant, let others decide, if they can. \* \* \*

**AMPHISBENA.** s. [The preposition *Amphi* prefixed to the verb *Bavo*.] A serpent mentioned by Lucan in his poetically terrific catalogue of the venomous reptiles who assailed the Roman legions in Libya. He says:

*Et gravis in gemitum surgens caput Amphibena.*

Her double head fierce *Amphibena* rears. [E]

The following lines give an appalling idea of this dreadful creature:

With hissings fierce, dire *Amphibenas* rear  
Their double heads and rouse the soldier's fear.  
Eager he flies—more eager they pursue,  
On every side their onset quick renew;  
With equal swiftness face or shun the prey,  
And follow fast when thought to run away.  
Thus on the looms the busy shuttles glide,  
Alternate fly, and shoot at either side.

Pliny mentions this most "venomous worm" in several parts of his *Natural History*, and asserts that the coriander seed is the best specific against the bite of this, *apparently*, double headed monster. Certainly the *Am-*

*phibena* has not two heads; but the serpent, by the retrograde quickness of its annular motions, seems to attack as fiercely with its tail as it does with its head. If Pliny were to read lectures among us, and repeat what he wrote, viz. "that the skin of a dead *Amphibena*, carried constantly upon any one's body, will prevent getting a cold, or cure a cough," he would most undoubtedly be coughed down from the chair of his professorship, and laughed out of his school. Yet, considering what an immense stock of information we find in his works, we would soon recall him, and pay all respects due to his worth in other points of view.

N.B. After all, and with great deference for the authority of Pliny, Lucan, and others, it appears that the *Amphibena* is a harmless creature, having no fangs to prepare and harbour the poisonous liquid, as is the case in similar animals. \* \* \*

**ANISE.** s. [*Anisum*, Lat. *Anison*, *ἄνισον*, Chinese *Damor*.] Gerard tells us that an infusion of the seed of this plant proves a sovereign remedy for, and an infallible preventive against the falling sickness or epilepsy. This horrid disease, as well as the hydrophobia, has escaped the knowledge of the most celebrated physiologists both in the origin and the cure. I truly wish the bold assertion of Gerard were to be depended upon; but I yield not a grain of faith to it. For the following fact, however, I can vouch and pledge my word.

Having read in a small treatise upon the treatment of domesticated birds, that if any individual of the feathered nation were, as it is often the case with starlings and sparrows, subject to the falling sickness, the cutting of the nails, during the fit, as close as possible to the toes, would infallibly cure the bird; I tried the experiment upon a hen-sparrow whom I had kept many months in a cage, and who used to fall, three or four times a-day, in an epileptic swoon. It succeeded so completely, that, for the space of more than a year I kept her afterwards, she never had one single access of the malady. What harm would there be to try the same upon the unfortunate among mankind, who labour under that dreadful visitation? \* \* \*

#### MISSIONARIES IN TONQUIN.

THE *Diario di Roma* of the 15th of Dec. contains reports from the Missionaries in Tonquin down to the 20th of Sept. 1820, and gives at the same time interesting information on the latest state of that country. The following is the substance of it: "Gia-Long, the Sovereign of this great kingdom the empire of Anam, (which includes the provinces of Tonquin, Cochinchina, Chiampa, Cambaja, and Laos u Lac-Tho, and contains 23,000,000 inhabitants) died in the beginning of 1820, in the 70th year of his age. During his reign of eighteen years he constantly protected the Catholic religion, and esteemed the European Missionaries, whom he honoured with his entire confidence. It was feared that after his death there would arise a persecution against this Faith, because the Crown Prince

some years ago seemed to be ill-inclined towards the missionaries, and even threatened to banish them all out of the kingdom as soon as he ascended the throne. But he who sways the hearts of princes, disposed otherwise in his infinite mercy. Gia-Long, a short time before his death, called the prince to his sick bed, and gave him many counsels which he desired him to observe; among others he most urgently exhorted him not to disturb in the least the professors of the Catholic religion, if he would not, like the tyrant Tan-Son, who prohibited the exercise of the Catholic faith in this kingdom in 1798, and was soon after deposed and murdered, lose both his throne and life. The new sovereign, who calls himself Minh-Manh and is 30 years old, punctually followed this paternal advice. The Catholic religion is in the most flourishing condition in Tonquin as well as in Cochinchina, and several Mandarins shew themselves as well disposed to it as in the life-time of the late emperor. Minh-Manh has signalized his accession, which happened exactly on the Tonquinese new year (our 14th of Feb.) also by other acts beneficial for his people; released them, by an edict issued that day, from all their debts to the imperial Treasury; diminished the taxes, which were very heavy under the government of his father; recalled exiles, and pardoned criminals sentenced to death, and other prisoners."

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Jan. 12.—Congregations have been and will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces, and conferring Degrees, on the following days in Term, viz.—Monday, January 14; Thursday, 24; Tuesday, February 5; Saturday, 16; Tuesday, 19; Thursday, 28; Tuesday, March 12; Thursday, 21; Saturday, 30.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 18.—On Friday last the Rev. Thomas Turton, B.D. Fellow of Catharine-hall, was unanimously elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics.

FRENCH ACADEMY.—In the extraordinary Sitting of the French Academy, held on Tuesday the 8th of this month, M. Ourry presented his poem, "La Peste de Barcelone, ou le Devoement Français;" M. Massabian his work, "De l'Esprit des Institutions Politiques," 2 vols. 8vo.; and M. Jomard, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, of a "Recueil d'Observations et de Memoires sur l'Egypte ancienne et moderne." M. Lemontey read two Historical Notices, one on Madame La Fayette, the other on Madame Deshoulières; M. Charles Lacretelle, a "Fragment sur les Impressions de pitié produites par la Tragédie," extracted from his work "Des Etudes morales et litteraires." The Sitting was terminated by the reading of an "Answer of M. François de Neufchateau, to a new System on the Author of Gil Blas."

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### TIMBUCTOO.

[To the interesting particulars relative to the interior of Africa in our last, we proposed to add the following explanatory

note; but as we found the article too extended when the printers came to put the contents of the *Gazette* together, we were compelled to postpone its insertion.]

—Hamar's account certainly does not add many new particulars to those which we think are already known respecting Timecotou: the air of truth which reigned in his narrative at the time he gave it me, is alone sufficient to make it interesting. But what merits the attention of the reader, is the improbability of the journey of the American sailor, Robert Adams, to Timecotou. As Hamar had been six years at Ouadnoun, and often spoke to us of the abode of Christian slaves there, both before and after his arrival, it seems quite unlikely that he should never have spoken to us of an event, which must have been recalled to his mind even by the pleasantry he addressed to me, in proposing to me a journey which he conceived to be impossible.

Another observation of the same kind, which will have more weight, because I can speak more positively, concerns a pretended journey of Sidy Hamet to Timecotou, mentioned in the narrative of Captain Riley. My observation, however, does not concern the information given respecting that celebrated city. The recital ascribed to Sidy Hamet, which is more detailed and more interesting than the particulars I offer, may have been drawn from as good a source, and which I am willing to believe preferable to that which has supplied me with a few circumstances; but it is certain, at least I think I can prove it, that all that Sidy Hamet relates of Timecotou is not the result of his own observations, and that he has spoken of the Soudan only from hearsay, without ever having been in that country. I advance this fact, because the identity of Captain Riley's informant with my master appears not to be liable to any doubt, notwithstanding the treatment we experienced from this Arab chief, whom the American Captain praises, while we had every reason to complain of him. Without entering into the motives for this difference in his conduct, I will say, that the Sidy Hamet on whom our fate depended, as well as that of Captain Riley, had a brother named Seid. I will further mention, as Hamar daily repeated the same thing, that for several years past almost all the Christians made slaves in the desert, where Sidy Hamet has such great power, had been sold to him by the Arabs, and that he had himself often conducted some of them to Mogadore. I have had this fact confirmed to me by Sidy Hamet himself, who also declared to me, without telling me the reason that hindered him, that for some time past he did not dare to undertake a journey in the empire of Morocco. Well, this same Sidy Hamet, who conducted Captain Riley, and before him other slaves, to Mogadore, assured me, on my putting the question to him, that he had never been to Timecotou. Hamar, whom I likewise interrogated on the same subject, has frequently assured me of the same fact, and likewise, that neither the famous Sidy Ischem, nor the two Sheiks of Ouadnoun, have ever penetrated into the distant country from which they derive such great advantages by the commerce they carry on with it.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH GALLERY.

The annual Exhibition of British Artists will be publicly opened on Monday; and a previous view allows us the pleasure of saying, that it will afford a public gratification. For variety and for merit, we do not recollect that the Gallery has been so rich since this patriotic national Institution was established.

Amid ladders, easels, varnishing, hanging, &c. and without catalogues, it is not

easy to form a perfect acquaintance with so many works of art: we shall therefore stand excused, if in this brief sketch we seem either to neglect talents, or to speak inaccurately of what did attract our attention.

In the centre of the North Room there is a picture of the Young Princes by *Northcote*, an extraordinary performance for an ultra Septuagenarian, and a very striking picture in the class of history. Near him is the fine scene of Sabrina and Nymphs from *Comus*, by *Howard*, much altered, and made delightful by a superb landscape. The same genius has produced *Ascanius* on the lap of *Dido*, a composition worthy of the taste and grace which belongs so constantly to Mr. *Howard's* pallet. The *Battle of Waterloo*, on a large scale, by *Jones*, does honour to his pencil: It is a perfect diagram of that glorious field, finely executed, and deeply interesting to every British heart. On the opposite side of the room is an extraordinary piece, of *Animals, Game, Fruit, Vegetables, &c.* by *Edwin Landseer*. This youthful artist already stands justly high, but were his reputation doubled, such a performance as the present would greatly increase it. A dog and a cat are not inferior to the best that ever *Snyders* painted; and the whole combines so many excellences, such truth and nature, such vigour and richness of colour, such masterly pencilling and expression, and such finish, that we are really at a loss for terms to express our admiration of it. By the side of this is a charming little subject by *Newton*; the restitution of lovers' presents, from *Moliere*. The costume of the age of Louis Quatorze sits easily on this painter's characters, and produces a picturesque effect. The affected disdain of the gentleman, and the clever expression of the lady's "Who cares? I dare say!"; the arch countenance of the maid, which indicates a reconciliation at no long distance of time, and all the accessories very ably done, make this a credit to Mr. *Newton*. In the middle room are some beautiful landscapes by *Constable*, *Nasmyth*, *Samuel*, and others; several well conceived and well coloured classical designs by *Etty*; a spirited little battle-piece by *Cooper*; a lady in an early costume by *Sharpe*; a *Hamlet*; a forcible head of a monk by Mrs. *Carpenter*, simple, in a pure tone of colour, and certainly one of the best heads by a female artist that we have ever seen. There is also another picture in this room which reflects honour on a female artist; it is a grand work of *Satan Wounded*, from *Milton*, by Mrs. *Ainsley*. The principal figure is not agreeable, but the horses' heads and other passages are of the first class. The third room was not sufficiently arranged to admit of a distinct view. We noticed however an interesting picture of the Royal Academy (portraits) in its earlier days; and a view of *Edinburgh* by *Nasmyth*, sen.

Among the local views are several of London either with or from the Bridges, by *Hofland*, *Linton*, and *Dean*; Views by *W. Daniel*, *Reynolds*, and *Sturk*.

We have *Richler's Tight Shoe*, a repetition in oil. *Kidd* has also displayed his ta-

lents upon this ground. A clever picture by *Barker*, of a Boy taking a thorn from his foot.

We ought to mention, before we conclude this hasty *annonce*, that there are a few old friends with new faces in the Gallery. *Stephenoff* has one of these ("Poor Relations.") and others others. *Cause* has a clever Alchemist in this class, and—but other weeks are to follow the present, at least we hope so.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### POETIC SKETCHES.

#### Sketch Third.

"You must make  
Your heart a grave, and in it bury deep  
Its young and beautiful feelings."

'Tis hidden from the sun by the tall elms,  
The noon has here no power, and the soft grass  
Springs fresh and green, even in the summer's heat.  
There is deep stillness round, save when the gale  
Talks to the willows that hang gracefully  
Over the brook, whose broken murmurs are  
An answer to the wind which brings then breaks  
The bubbles on its surface; here the dove  
Cooes in the noon day, and at evening tide  
The woodlark sings his vesper symphony.—  
This lime grove was the cherished haunt of one  
Who loved it for its solitude; to him  
Silence was holiest language, and the leaves;  
The birds, the clouds, were his familiar friends.  
His soul was given to poesy, and crowds  
And peopled cities were no chains to him,  
Where all was cold and strange, where none could  
feel

As he did; and he loved to shrink away,  
The deep woods his companions, and to live  
Mid visions and wild songs. Oh, blessedness!  
To see the fair creations of the thought  
Assume a visible form; sweet Poesy!  
How witching is thy power upon the heart;  
Enchantment that does bind our senses up  
In one unutterable influence;  
A charmed spell set over every thought,  
Till life's whole hope is cast upon the lyre.  
Loved with a love intense and passionate,  
A strange, a jealous, but devoted love.  
It is not happiness, tho' in the wretch  
That binds the poet's brow, there's many a hue  
Of pleasure and of beauty; yet those flowers,  
Like other blooms, are guarded round with thorns,  
And subject to the blight and canker-worm.  
Planet of bright but wayward destinies,  
Thy votaries are thy victims; he who seeks  
The laurel must essay a weary path;  
Neglect will chill his best affections, or  
Cold mockery will greet them. There are given  
Rich gifts unto the bard; but, not content  
With silent rapture, he must aun his wealth,  
Show his hid treasures to the world, and then  
The canker will consume them, and the fame  
He fondly sought be bitterness of heart.  
'Twas thus with the young Minstrel of this grove:  
He sought to grasp an iris, beautiful  
And of bright colours, but all formed of tears.  
His memory lingers in this glen, for here  
He caught the inspiration of the gale,  
Singing its evening hymn, and worshipped  
Like an idolater the morning star  
He pass'd in early youth; his heart was as  
A delicate flower, too soft to blossom long.  
He sleeps where yon pale willow leans, and weeps  
The morning dew above his quiet grave. L. E. L.



## TO A STREAM.

WHITHER, tell me, Stream!  
Roll these idle rills  
Down the rocks where Echo lies,  
From the bleeding hills;  
Kissing every heedless flow'r  
As it droops thy waters o'er  
With a liquid lip of foam?

' From the mountain urn  
O'er the heath I go,  
Where the wild linnet sings  
To the woods below;  
O'er the meadow's golden dress,  
Rover of the wilderness!  
And the sleeping vales, I roam.'

Wild and silly Stream!  
Ere the wish be vain,  
Turn to thy grassy spring,  
Murmurer! again.  
Tears, tears of sorrow deep,  
Rovers o'er their follies weep,  
For a dear and distant home.

RICHARD BELVOIR.

## SONG.

THERE were sweet sounds waked from my harp;  
But see, its strings are broken.

Alas! that touch so sweet should leave  
So sad a token.

My harp and heart are both alike,  
Their music is departed;

The joy of song is gone from one  
So broken hearted.

Love has past o'er my harp  
Like unto summer thunder,  
And all the beauteous chords of hope  
Are rent asunder!

L. E. L.

## BIOGRAPHY.

R. M. PAYE.

At an early period of the establishment of the Royal Academy, when the great room was sufficient for the number of paintings in oil, and its fire-place for the miniatures annually sent for exhibition, the works of R. M. Paye occupied a place on the same walls with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Northcote, and the contemporary artists of the day.

His talents in every other quality but that of colouring were of the first class, and his works when he began the arts were not very deficient even in this particular. His first picture exhibited at the Academy, *A Girl Sewing*, attracted the attention of the Rev. — Potts, a relative of Surgeon Potts; whose portrait he painted, and afterwards engraved from it a private plate. Soon after this, he painted an interior, with a woman reading at a window; which performance, we have understood, was sold at a public auction for one of the Flemish masters. His principal excellence, however, was in subjects of a domestic character, where children were introduced: Among his best, were, a *Girl Sketching a Boy on a Parment*, and *Children at the Tomb of their Parents*. His larger paintings were those of *The Sulky Boy*, and *Its Companion*: the former purchased by the late Lord Thurlow. Prints of them were engraved by Mr. J. Young, who also purchased several of his pictures, and was to the last a kind friend to him. As this

artist rose into notice from the shades of obscurity, so also was the latter part of his life buried in oblivion; and if he did not avail himself of the facilities offered in the outset of his career, it was principally owing to a retired disposition, and an almost total exclusion from contemporary intercourse, which, though often attended with mortification and other petty miseries, is accompanied with advantages more than commensurate to its evils: It is the atmosphere of knowledge, and its influence is felt in the progress of others as well as in an acquaintance with whatever improvements occur in the field of art. It was with a view to promote this intelligence that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the most beneficent manner, invited Mr. Paye to come among his brother painters; and there is little doubt, but that if the diffident artist could have been persuaded to mix more in the world, he would have found his way to Academic honours, as well as to that distinction, the attainment of which the promise of so much talent appeared to warrant. As it happened, he was taken up and set down again, precariously employed; and, more fond of pleasing himself in the choice of his subjects than of indulging the public taste, he gradually lost the track in which he first set out, his pictures became woolly, and his execution slovenly, and there remained in his productions only the least understood qualities (though very essential ones,) of composition and chiara oscura.

The subject of this brief notice was first brought forward as a Chaser; and had his paintings kept pace with the skill he possessed in that branch of art, he must have been at the head of his latter profession; and though he was not employed on watch cases, like Moser, those who have seen casts from his works give him the preference to that able artist.

Among the admirers of art, Paye attracted the attention of Doctor Wolcott. After his removal from Swallow Street to Broad Street, Carnaby Market, the Doctor became an inmate with our artist, the consequence of which was a quarrel. P. P. ndar accused him of obstinacy, for not following his advice in the pursuit of his studies; and of ingratitude to the kindness and recommendation which he had afforded him. Paye's resentment evaporated in a caricature of the Doctor, a Bear seated at an Easel, with other incidental matters known and understood at that time. The sulky boy, in the picture before-mentioned, was a protégée of the Doctor.

After this, and during his residence in London Street, the struggles and miseries of the painter accumulated; a paralytic stroke took away the use of his right hand but it did not put an end to the exertions of his talent, for he soon obtained the power of painting with his left! In this practice his life ended; and for the last two or three years he was lost sight of by his friends, until his death was announced to have taken place about a month since. He is gone to his rest, and the grave has seldom covered talents of greater promise, wasted with less of benefit.

The style of R. M. Paye, as before observed, was chiefly to be admired for its chiara oscura; some of his early paintings resembled in effect those of Rembrandt. As man in his life "plays many parts," so must the artist in such a line as his vary his occupations; and thus, from oil painting to engraving, from modelling to miniature painting, our artist's powers were often tasked, and in all exhibited the hand of the master. D.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SHOWS OF LONDON.—No. II.

Quelque Chose!—Diet. de l'Académie.

From another visit to the Laplanders and Rein Deer, who, by the by, sometimes towards the close of the day perform a sort of ballet d'action, Jens and his wife Karlina mounting distant tables, holding a conversation, and throwing a string over the horns of the animals in the way they are accustomed to catch them, while little Thumb,\* the son, perhaps rides a deer or plays with his doll—we have passed down Piccadilly, and among the *Shows of London* dined at the new Anglo-French.

CAFE ROYAL in Regent's-street. This experiment upon our national tastes has made a good deal of noise in the newspapers, what with puffs, what with squabbles, what with prosecutions, and what with novelty. We will describe it as we found it. The coffee-room is very handsomely fitted up with blue silk and looking-glasses. There is a large and elegant bar in the centre, in the Parisian style, with a Demoiselle seated there; but, alas, for the imitation! We are far inferior to our neighbours in this first attempt at rivalry. Instead of a full-blown, full-dressed queen of a Café, the presiding Majesty here is a decent barmaid-looking girl, in a morning gown (which is not agreeable to etiquette) up to her chin, and doing plain-stitch needlework, for want of flirtation and flattery to receive, and crème and liqueur to dispense.

There are about half-a-dozen of tables, capable of dining from three to six persons each. These are neatly but not richly laid, and indeed the whole is more fine than comfortable. We had a napkin not quite dry, and a desert spoon instead of a sauce ladle; the one bespeaking a want of linen, the other a want of plate, and both a want of money.

Having ordered dinner from a bill of fare of about the superficial extent of one of the tables, quite in the *Very or Beauvilliers'* style, we were served with soup,

\* When these people were first brought over, Karlina fell into a towering rage at some one calling her child Tom Thumb. When it was translated and explained to her, she was hardly to be pacified. They are now so elate with their good fortune, that nothing can annoy them. On Saturday they deposited several pounds, the gifts of visitors, in the Savings Bank, and on Sunday did, in gratitude to heaven, what might serve as an example to more enlightened Christians, for they went to the Lutheran Chapel to thank God and take the Sacrament!!!

fish, and Côtelette, but not exactly so well cooked as in the best French houses either abroad or in London. The *Consommé* was tolerable, but not consummate; the *Sole* and *Eperlans* were no better; and the *veau en papillote*, as well as *our Truffes*, not half so good as a plain cutlet or chop. The system of cookery seemed, on the whole, to be poor, and without those rich and savoury ingredients with which the best artists complete or disguise their dishes. Such the food; with which the wine was much on a par. A bottle of Barsac was brought in *decanted*, itself a crime against Bacchus, but this was of a vintage not to be injured by mismanagement. The claret was of a better kind, but not better than it ought to be at 12s. per bottle.

The charges generally may be called moderate; that is, the prices opposite the articles in the *Carte* are not extravagant. But the *portions* are of the Vauxhall order, and a John Bull appetite, if it indulged in variety and quantity, would cost its owner some sovereign and a half, if not two sovereigns, before the finger glass came in to do its dirty work of mouth-rinsing and skin-mopping. And after all one would neither have fared so sumptuously, nor dined so well, as at an English tavern, such as the Freemasons' for instance, at about half the price. Probably the establishment would improve with time, but at present (at least as we were treated) it does not appear likely to become very attractive. To succeed entirely, and be popular or rather fashionable, the cooking, the attendance, and the wines, must be of the first order; were this the case, such a design would obtain a fair share of encouragement.

We were amused with the company, though not filled with Epicurean delight. The dropping in of a few beaux on their way to the Opera was an entertainment of itself. To hear the creatures talk French-English to waiters who spoke German-French, was highly ludicrous. And then to see them aping foreign ease or impudence, with the unconquerable *mauvaise honte* of their country, stiff as pokers in stays and cravats, screwing round their whole bodies as if they moved on pivots whenever they had to look about, and eating so mincingly with their mouths, lest their chins should cause a crease in the pure white rag below, formed altogether a scene of exquisite farce, and exhibited in an appropriate place.

From this sketch of the Café Royal it will be surmised, that the Barrister who inveighed so magnanimously the other day\* against the introduction of French luxuries among us, had no good reason for being so bitter upon Mr. Rose, the proprietor, who ought not to be blamed for that of which he is utterly innocent. We declare that we acquit him entirely of having seduced our palates by any luxuries; and if our readers will not believe this paper,—why let them go and try the papillottes.

THE COSMORAMA in St. James's Street has changed several of its subjects. There are now a sweet view of the Lake of Constance, a fine one of the Piazza Navona at Rome, and an interesting one of the Coronation of George IV. These are really instructive as well as pleasing sights for the young; they impress things on the mind more clearly than description, and next to seeing the actual places, we know nothing superior to such magnified and correct views of them (models perhaps excepted,) for conveying very accurate ideas of their forms and appearance.

#### THE FOUNDLING.

ST. VINCENT DE PAULE was successively a slave at Tunis, tutor to the Cardinal de Retz, village curate, almoner-general to the galleys, and joint director for the distribution of benefices. He instituted in France the religious societies of the Seminarists, the Lazarites, and the Sisters of Charity, who devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate, and seldom change their condition, although their vows are binding only for a year. He also founded charitable institutions for foundlings, orphans, galley-slaves, and old men. He exercised for some time a ministry of zeal and charity among the galley-slaves. In the number of these wretches, he observed one who had been condemned to three years captivity for defrauding the revenue, and who appeared inconsolable at having left his wife and children to suffer the extremities of wretchedness and want. Vincent de Paule, deeply affected by his situation, offered to restore him to his family by putting himself in his place, and, it will hardly be credited, the exchange actually took place. This virtuous man was chained to the galley, and his life remained swollen during the rest of his life from the weight of the honourable fetters which he had borne.

When this illustrious philanthropist came to Paris, it was customary for the children who had been found exposed, to be sold in the street St. Landrey, for 20 sols each; and it is even said that they were given as charity to sick women, who made use of these innocent creatures to suck from their breasts a corrupted milk! The children thus abandoned by the government to the pity of the public, almost all perished, and the few who chanced to escape out of so many dangers, were those who were clandestinely introduced into opulent families, to deprive legitimate heirs of their successions: a practice that for more than a century was a perpetual source of law-suits, the details of which are seen in the compilations of the old French lawyers.

V. de Paule at first supplied funds for the support of twelve of these children, and it was soon put in his power to relieve all those who were found at the doors of churches. But that fervour which is always attendant on a novel establishment shortly began to cool: the supplies of money entirely failed, and the horrid outrages on nature were about to recommence. Vincent de Paule was not discouraged. He convoked an extraordinary meeting, caused

a great number of these unfortunate infants to be placed in the church, and ascending immediately into the pulpit, pronounced, his eyes streaming with tears, the following discourse:

"You are not ignorant, Ladies, that compassion and charity first made you adopt these little creatures as your children. You have been their mothers according to grace since the time that their mothers according to nature abandoned them. Consider now if you will also abandon them. Cease for a moment to be their mothers, and become their judges. Their life and death are in your hands. Behold! I take the votes and suffrages. It is time! You must pronounce sentence, and declare if you will no longer shew them mercy. They will live if you continue your charitable care, but if you consent to abandon them, they all perish."

The only answer to this pathetic appeal was the tears and sighs of the audience; and on the same day, in the same church, and at the very instant, the Foundling Hospital was established and endowed with a revenue of forty thousand livres. G. B. F.

#### DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Many of our readers must remember the musical entertainment of "Frederick the Great, or the Heart of a Soldier," performed a few seasons ago at the Lyceum Theatre: the story and arrangement of that composition, and the Opera brought forward on Tuesday night at the King's Theatre, are precisely the same; but to those who have not witnessed that piece, we may state in a few lines, that an officer of the great Frederick's guards having incurred the king's displeasure by a propensity to gambling, is made the bearer of a letter from his Majesty to the Count de Blumenthal, the governor of a castle on the banks of the Oder, which letter contains an order for the bearer's close imprisonment. The governor has two pretty daughters, who nourish in the solitude of the castle the recollection of two officers whom they had seen on the promenade of Berlin; and have sought, the one in romance reading, and the other in dancing, to vary the monotony of their time. They are present at the arrival of the young Baron di Dolsheim with his own *lettre-de-cachet*, and recognised in him and the companion of his journey, the Count de Zeingh, the unknown selected of their hearts. The prospect of imprisonment thus becomes to the Baron an anticipation of happiness. Meanwhile the entreaties of Brandt (a rough soldierly friend of the Baron) with the King, have procured an order for his freedom; but on Brandt's arrival with it, the prisoner is absent from the tower of his confinement, from which he has descended to meet his mistress in the castle garden. He is supposed to have deserted, and is sentenced to death: the enemy make an attack on Frederick's lines and are repulsed, chiefly by the exertions of the Baron, who, informed of his condemnation by the king, is determined to restore his honour, or perish. He ap-

\* In a cause for wages brought by one of the servants.

pears before Frederick, who resists all the persuasions of Brandt and others to clemency, but is finally won to compliance by the pleadings of Amalie, the governor's daughter. Marriage, &c. and general happiness, ensue.

The music, by Pacini, is a good deal in the style of Rossini; indeed in some of the glees the resemblance amounts to nearly an identification of their ideas; but there are many passages almost in the rich and powerful strains of Mozart.

Signor Cartoni as the King (a first appearance here) obtained universal applause. Impossible as it is for his person to suggest the resemblance of Frederick, he sings sufficiently well to have pleased the musically fastidious porcelain vendor of Potsdam. The Signors Placci and Curioni were richly habited hussars; the first looked his character, but the latter handled his sword too much in the manner of a spit to cause the most transient deception.

The Signora Carradori was a lovely Prussian belle, of aerial form and very spiritual countenance, timid in her exhibition of the dance, and sweetly delicate and finished in voice. Her solos were so gracefully light and articulate, that there was no wish for their abbreviation, even when to be succeeded by the powerful charm of Camporese's tones. In the Signora Carradori's singing there is occasionally a murmuring richness, admirably adapted to accompaniment, and her modulation can scarcely become more perfect. To pass the highest eulogy on Madame Camporese, it would be sufficient to say that her voice and action were in their usual excellence; but still that would not do justice to the extraordinary first-rate powers as an actress and singer which she displays in this opera. All that could be proposed by the composer was executed by her in the most rare perfection, and all the improvisatorial graces of her song were exquisitely brilliant and imaginative. In the music there is little requiring entirely individual effort. The solos are merely those incidental to glees, &c. The duetto of "Oh quant'alletta piace," is of great beauty. The concluding quartetto and chorus is one of the most delicious combinations of sweet sound that we have ever heard. After the gentle and beautiful procedure of each solo verse, a rich orchestral symphony comes rushing in rapid measure on the ear, as if we had floated along the clear stream of sound, and were borne at once into the silver spray of its cataract.

Ambrogetti's performance, as Brandt, possessed all the active ability of this clever performer.

DRURY LANE.—Unless there is something deserving of public notice at the theatres, we do not feel ourselves called on to allow even a small part of our space to be occupied with the dry statements of unsuccessful efforts. *Lear* has been acted at this house with Kean as the aged Monarch, Miss Edmiston as Cordelia, and Cooper as Edgar. The last character plays itself to a certain degree, if not abominably marred, and Mr. Cooper is too respectable a per-

former to do that. Cordelia on the contrary is a character which needs to be exquisitely played, and that Miss Edmiston cannot do. Kean's *Lear* is of old standing; we thought he should never have attempted it, and we think he ought to relinquish it as soon as possible. The new tragedy stands for Monday.

COVENT GARDEN. On Thursday Miss F. Brunton made a pleasing second debut here as Juliet.

*The Legend of Montrose* has been long dramatized for Covent Garden Theatre, and has submitted to many alterations. We understand that Mr. Pocock has now put the finishing hand to it, that the parts are cast, and that the drama is immediately to be performed.

On Saturday *The Devil to pay* was done at the Olympic. Many of the actors refused to play in consequence of their salaries not being paid, and the assembled audience became very indignant at the disappointment. A grand scene of tumult ensued, the result of which was the dispersion of the visitors and the shutting up of the theatre without any performance.

The West London Theatre has also closed under disastrous circumstances.

A grand opera on the story of Andromacha was produced at Milan on the 26th of December, with music by Pucitta. It is highly eulogized by the foreign critics.

#### VARIETIES.

The famous planisphere of Dendera has arrived at Paris in perfect safety.

*Aquatic Chariot*.—A sort of car has this week been tried in travelling upon the water, and ascertained to move readily at the rate of three miles an hour: it is the same which was exhibited in Dublin bay, when His Majesty was there. We are convinced that this species of machinery may be greatly improved, even so much so as to be brought into common use.

An interesting law-suit lately engaged the attention of the Parisian public, of which the following is an account. The celebrated John Godefroy, a native of England, but settled in Paris, engraved some years ago (1818) the well known picture of Gerard, the Battle of Austerlitz. A copy *avant la lettre* costs 160 and the others 80 francs. Copies of it in smaller dimensions have also appeared, and been sold by many print-sellers at eight and ten francs. Mr. Godefroy brought actions against all the print-sellers, and claimed of them a remuneration of no less a sum than 60,000 francs. This case made much noise, because the questions were to be decided, whether the copying of a print was to be judged of upon the same principles as the piracy of a book, and, in that case, whether the copier or seller were to be considered as liable to punishment. The whole tribe of print-sellers was interested in it, and even the lawyers were divided in their opinions. The discussion before the Court was of course very animated, till at length sentence was given, That the print-sellers

were guilty, and not only bound to pay an indemnity to Mr. Godefroy, but also a fine. In consequence of this, Dieu and Vallot were obliged to pay him the sum of 1000 francs; Janot 1000 francs; Bouchi and Berinet each 500 francs; Toulouse and the others each 300 francs.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of the Life and Reign of Charles II. by C. H. Hall, is announced by Mr. Murray, whose previous announcement of a "Personal History of George III." by E. H. Locker, will, we trust, be carried into effect as soon as possible.

Lord Byron and Southey.—We mentioned some time ago, that report assigned to Lord Byron the authorship of a Parody on Southey's Vision of Judgement. The *M. Chronicle* states that the MS. has come to London, but is unfit for publication. If the accounts in circulation about it be correct, this is truly the case; for we are informed that it places the Spirit of a revered Monarch at the Gate of Hell, where Satan and the Archangel Michael hold a long argument respecting its final disposition. This situation and colloquy, so offensive to every good feeling, is altered by the interposition of the Soul of Mr. Southey, which offers to write the Devil's Biography in two volumes duodecimo. The Devil rejects the proposal, and the Laureate-Soul makes a similar tender of its literary services to Michael, who also declines them. Other particulars have been mentioned to us, but they are not worth repeating, especially as we are not certain of their authenticity.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reviewing.—It is not easy for a Critic to please the authors whose works he reviews. An anonymous friend of Mr. Wills, who subscribes himself *Candour*, assures us that we were mistaken in thinking there was not much novel information in the account of the Douglas conspiracy, which that author gave in his *Memoirs of the Queen*. On the contrary, the ascription of that charge to jealousy on the part of Lady D. is asserted to be quite original.

The author of Turkey tells us that only two plates and not a line of text were borrowed from Mr. Young's volume.

The publishers of Smirke's Illustrations of Shakespeare observe, that the second plate is Ford's, not Pistol's angry exit.

Mr. Henderson, the author of the work on Brazil, denies that it is extensively indebted to preceding writers. He has relied chiefly on Portuguese writers and his own observation.

Lastly, it appears that Jorasse in "Italy" is a guide—not a monk.

Since we take great pains to be accurate ourselves, and the world takes so much pains to set us right, it is to be hoped that nothing can be read in the *Literary Gazette* which is not correct, and to be confidently relied upon.

In order to save our readers two pages of matter, we have contrived to give our Title for the Volume of 1821, and the Index, upon the same leaf: thus the latter will appear in the beginning, as the Contents of books often do. To our advertising friends we have only to say, that their communications (now defr.) shall, as is our fixed rule, be inserted in the order in which they reach our Office.

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